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—see page 572

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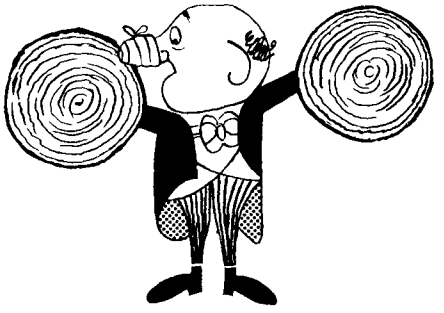

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ We concentrate on that millennial stew, the Middle East. Four very knowledgeable observers discuss the ingredients of the oldest family quarrel in history. **Kermit Roosevelt,** a man of vast experience in the Middle East and formerly with the OSS and CIA, is now with Downs & Roosevelt, takes us on a sort of general introductory tour of the points of interest in the principal countries, which points turn out to be mainly holes in the ground, whence floweth crude petroleum. . . . That inveterate traveler **Anthony Harrigan,** of the *Charleston News & Courier,* files a report from the border that does not separate Syria and Israel, but rather joins them in perpetual hostility. Here the trouble might start, he says, and it could grow very fast indeed into something big, given the Soviet interest, the British withdrawal, and the American presence. . . . **Max Geltman** files his copy from Tel Aviv. The penetrating scholar of Jewish affairs describes some of the problems and contradictions inherent in the Israeli state. . . . **Tom Sage** writes from Cyprus, somewhat to the east of his Italian base of operations. . . . A special supplement, being a very unusual edition of the *New York Times,* is introduced in an editorial note, q.v. (p. 552).

➔ **George Merlis,** who was day city editor of the late *World Journal Tribune,* explains why that newspaper was doomed, given the ineptitude of its management and the arrogant demands of the technical and industrial unions. . . . Continuing his exploration of the Dodd affair, **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** writes a questionnaire to his own congressmen and wonders whether all congressmen shouldn't be asked to fill it out, or one like it, before hanging Senator Dodd. . . . **James Burnham** views the Middle East as part of a general fermentation around the non-European shores of the Mediterranean. Once again the ingredients are analyzed—Washington, petroleum, and Moscow—and found to be explosive. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** gazes at Greece, now tranquilized under a military junta, and prophesies good times to come, if only the generals will go slowly, and bit by bit restore some rights to that fiery and intelligent people. . . . Prof. **Russell Kirk** returns to the great problem of illiteracy, and reminds us that the Reading Reform Foundation stands ready to do something about it all. . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** writes a yummy column on how to go about making your guests happy at table.

➔ **Garry Wills,** now with *Esquire,* leads off our Spring Book Number with a piercing dethronement of William Manchester's leviathan sob-story. . . . **Peter Witonski,** persevering at Oxford, reviews the autobiography of Bertrand Russell, book one, finding it interesting, useful and well-written. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon,** the great science fictioneer is back in Hollywood, doing the Star Trek television series. He discusses, with his accustomed prose *panache,* three recent pieces of science fiction. . . . **M. Stanton Evans** reviews *Suite 3505,* the story of the Draft-Goldwater Movement as told by the principal Goldwater Drafter, F. Clifton White. . . . Prof. **Thomas Molnar,** writing from Paris, discusses the literary (and theological) sensation of the year in France, a slim and astonishing volume by the renowned Jacques Maritain. . . . Prof. **Hugh Kenner** has seen Charles Chaplin's *A Countess from Hong Kong,* a film whose virtue is that it inspired Mr. Kenner to write this piece. ➔

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR. ROBERT LEFEVRE began a career in the news field as a radio and TV commentator in 1933. From 1955 to 1965 he wrote more than 4,000 editorials as editor of the Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph. He is the founder and first president of Freedom School and Rampart College (Colorado), an institution dedicated to teaching the philosophy of individualism and the American heritage of free enterprise and self-government. Presently, Robert Lefevre is an instructor at Freedom School and Dean of Rampart College.

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LETTERS

Rhodesia: A Case History

Congratulations are in order for your long-awaited publication of the facts and history behind the current Rhodesian controversy [May 16]. This report by the fact-finding team of the American-African Affairs Association was the most objective and informative article on this situation that I have ever read.

Minnetonka, Minn. ROBERT K. PLICE

Drew's Draw

I was appalled by your attack upon Drew Pearson [May 16]. Mr. Pearson is, as he himself thinks, a great muckraker, and my French poodle and I must agree with the gentleman, for we continually use his column for that very purpose.

Tenafly, N.J. JOHN F. DOUBLIER

No Sweets Today

I have just received the May 16 issue, and YOU HAVE DROPPED THE TRANS-O-GRAM!

After all the rest of the magazine was enjoyed, the Trans-O-Gram was the coriander seed at the heart of the licorice hard-ball—remember?

For Heaven's sake, reinstate it, *please!*

Kansas City, Mo. T. O. CRAMER

The length of NR*'s special feature on Rhodesia caused the Trans-O-Gram to be bumped. Apologies.* —ED.

Mr. Wallace

All right, all right, you Eastern intellectuals, let's simmer down. You'll soon be screaming at George Wallace as hysterically as the beatniks who harass him at every meeting. Even Frank S. Meyer, who knows what he's about, has joined the chorus [May 16]. Most of us, I think, do not share his confidence that it is "eminently possible" to defeat liberalism within the Republican Party. The danger of "Twiggy" Percy and his ilk taking over the Republican Party is what worries many of us, not Wallace's potential threat to the conservative movement.

Newton, Iowa E. L. SMELSER

It was with a deep sense of satisfaction and a resurgence of political faith in the responsible opinion that exists within the conservative community that I read Frank S. Meyer's disquisition on the "Populism of George Wallace." In many areas and pockets of so-called "conservatism" throughout the country, it has appeared to be the vogue to applaud the $1-a-year assistant from Montgomery while simultaneously ignoring the traditional Southern demagogue's attachment to the welfare state.

Mr. Meyer has made a significant contribution.

Bronx, N.Y. KENNETH MULLIN

The implication, however veiled, that Wallace is another share-the-wealth demagogue is a deliberate distortion worthy of the *New York Times.* I have a feeling that Wallace's greatest sin, in your eyes, is that he doesn't amuse himself by attending opera and reading T. S. Eliot.

Whitesboro, Tex. DANIEL G. WALTERS

Like Barry Goldwater? —ED.

The Creative Elite

In his review [May 16] Dr. Gordon Tullock incorrectly stated that my *The Creative Elite in America* "simply assumes that the differences (in the creative contributions of different national-linguistic groups) are genetic, not the results of environmental differences."

I neither wrote this nor believe it. The dispute is between those who believe environmental factors to be the sole causes and those who believe that both environment and heredity are causal factors. What I actually wrote was: "Experts will disagree as to the relative importance of genes and nurture as causes of these differences."

It is true that I consider biogenetic forces more potent than environmental ones in causing group differences in creativity. I stressed the former group in my book partly because genetic forces are brushed aside and neglected by a society suffering from an ideology of frantic and intolerant egalitarianism. Finally, Professor Tullock is mistaken when he states that my analysis is based on 37 elite rosters. As I pointed out, it is based on over seventy such rosters.

Delray Beach, Fla. NATHANIEL WEYL

Wills on Lewis

Whatever praise Garry Wills may give C. S. Lewis is overshadowed by the serious insults implied in his review of the *Letters* [April 4].

He treats *The Screwtape Letters* in the way that Lewis feared and tried to prevent. Wills writes about the external circumstances of the book and its relationship to Lewis' personality and not about whether its arguments are true or false.

Wills is also pained that the *Letters* do not provide more material for gossip and that Lewis' life was most prosaic. But the reticence of W. H. Lewis is very refreshing and true to his brother's memory. Gentle and unpretentious men are that way. One doesn't admire a man for his secrets but for his virtues.

Wills may find Lewis' life prosaic, but it is difficult to understand how the life of an Oxford don with rooms in New Buildings at Magdalen College and friends such as J.R.R. Tolkien, Charles Williams, T. S. Eliot and Dorothy Sayers and students such as John Wain, Harry Blamires, and John Betjeman could be thought so. Not for everyone of course, but the style is superior to what I know about that of teachers at American universities. In *Essays Presented to Charles Williams* Lewis mentioned the life Wills finds so prosaic when writing about *The Wind in the Willows:* "The happiness which it presents to us is in fact full of the simplest and most attainable things—food, sleep, exercise, friendship, the face of nature, even (in a sense) religion."

I would like to know why Wills praises Lewis at the same time he contradicts (without explanation) some of the most important truths Lewis taught us.

Arlington, Va. CHARLES G. FLINN

I found the tone of Mr. Garry Wills' review of *Letters of C. S. Lewis* distressing. For one thing there was Mr. Wills' disparagement of *The Screwtape Letters,* which book can, I think, stand on its own, and then Mr. Wills seems to feel that it is everyone's "right" to know *all* his private life *and* his complete private correspondence.

Mr. Lewis expressed himself so well in his many books that I don't feel any lack (or "that it is the hidden Lewis we need").

His children's books also have a wealth of good things in them. On the jacket of one of them it said "for children from six to sixty."

Madisonville, Ky. ELEANOR GORDON KNAPP

A Reply

For Mr. Flinn:

1) One can reduce *Screwtape* to "arguments" that are "true or false" only by ignoring the fact that these arguments are offered by a creature of the imagination—i.e., that the book is a work of art, to be judged as such; not a mere set of propositions.

2) You contrast Lewis' virtues with his "secrets." I happen to think (you, it seems, do not) that knowledge of his secrets would mean increased knowledge of his virtues. Which of us, then, "insults" him?

3) If you think Lewis' idea of "adventure" was a lively conversation, you cannot have read his stories.

For Miss Knapp:

1) I do not think there is an absolute "right" to any man's private life—nor

(Continued on p. 601)

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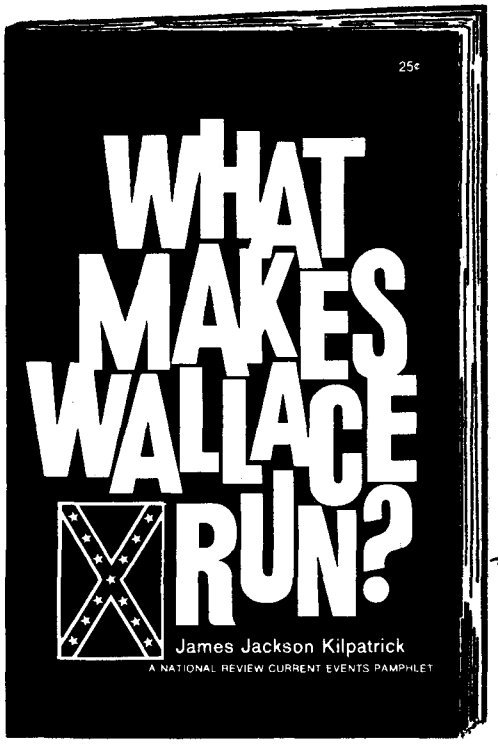

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"What Makes Wallace Run?" was a sell-out when it appeared as a *National Review* cover story (we had to airmail extra shipments to many of our dealers). If you read it you know why. Fact-filled and right to the point, it gives you a completely different view of presidential aspirant George C. Wallace, the man who can "strut sitting down." It's a crackerjack job of reporting–just the sort of thing you expect to find in NR.

James Jackson Kilpatrick, Editor of the Richmond *News-Leader* went to Alabama to get a story and he came back with one–a story bound to raise your blood pressure one way or the other. It's all here–the Wallace family background, his boyhood, his marriage, his struggles to establish himself–all leading to the arrival on the national scene of George Wallace, the candidate of the dime-store vote.

He's no joke. (The latest Gallup Poll shows that Wallace's strength is *already* beginning to materialize.) One look at his electoral vote arithmetic convinces you of that. That's why politicians of both parties are getting more and more concerned as the 1968 presidential election approaches. That's why this article is so important to everyone who is *at all* interested in who our next president will be.

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The WEEK

● George Wallace is home again, having made his big point, which is that he has a following, and that it swells with every attack upon him by those centers of intellectual elegance (*vide* Dartmouth, Princeton) which apparel themselves in the sanctity of free speech. It was a revealing show: spite and counter-spite in high gear all the way. Politically, it left Wallace looking more credible as a catalyst than as a candidate, though candidate he will undoubtedly be. Perhaps the most revealing feature of the Northern tour was that Wallace's friendly crowds gave him solidest applause whenever he launched out on Vietnam, suggesting that neither states' rights, safety in the streets, nor "intellectual morons" are at the root of their unrest. The war is bigger than anything Wallace has to offer, which is something for wise politicians to ponder.

The "special issue of the *New York Times*" that appears on page 580 reports the morning's news as it would appear if, on the evening before, the editors of *Ramparts* and *Partisan Review*, Conor Cruise O'Brien, and Martin Luther King were elected as a Special Advisory Committee to God.

● Minority Leader Gerald Ford had best brush up on his strategy before he provokes a revolt among conservative Republicans in the House of Representatives. Last week he announced *his* "Southern Strategy": to improve the chances of GOP congressional candidates in the South in 1968, he formally dissolved the informal House coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats, thus (he said) driving the latter "into the arms of the Administration . . . on votes that will hurt them in their home congressional districts." To be sure, Ford recognizes the built-in backfire—Republicans will have a harder time blocking Administration programs. But he says it doesn't matter: "I think it is far better to lose a few legislative battles and win the next election." Is Ford placing party above country—or does he hope, by dissolving a coalition that he has long ignored, to win over the twenty or so liberal Republicans who faithfully provide the Democratic margin of victory in the House? In either case, he can expect trouble from the 160 unliberal Republicans, some of whom are already calling for the formation of a conservative caucus within the GOP House delegation.

● Last week the Supreme Court ruled, 8 to 1 (an unusual consensus), that the 3,000 juvenile courts in this country must accord the minors many of the same procedural rights and protections now available to adults. Justice Abe Fortas, writing the decision, opined that "the condition of being a boy does not justify a kangaroo court." One great and beneficent effect of this decision is to take thousands of hapless youngsters out of the hands of the sociologists and return them to the real world. NATIONAL REVIEW concurs and affirms. Next case.

● Stokely Carmichael's retirement as head of SNCC —it's not certain whether he went voluntarily or was pushed—does not mean that there has been a change of heart and that the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee intends to return to nonviolence. Some SNCC leaders were privately displeased with Carmichael's performance on the grounds that he had done more to alienate white liberals than to inform Negroes on how to attain that black power he was always talking about. There's also the possibility that just as John Lewis had become too "moderate" to suit the SNCC hotheads a year ago, so Carmichael, a year later, is too "moderate" to suit those Negroes who talk of attaining black power in terms of street warfare and guerrilla tactics. But SNCC's orientation has not changed. It is moving more and more into the anti-draft, anti-war movement at home while supporting violence abroad to—in Carmichael's words—secure the liberation of the "oppressed people of Vietnam [South, not North], Angola, Mozambique, South Africa, Zimbabwe [Rhodesia], Latin America . . . and Puerto Rico."

● The goo-goos went another round against the regulars in New York City the other day, won on points, but lost out on the Late News. Lindsay sent six of his own candidates for district leader to topple Bronx county chairman Paul A. Fino on grounds Fino, a congressman, shouldn't dirty his office by holding a party post. Fino, stung by the raid on his clubhouse, had a highway billboard erected on the turf line between Manhattan and the Bronx declaiming in raging colors: "Fun City Line Ends Here" etc. It looked fine on color TV sets all over the city that night, long after city ordinances had brought it down and Fino had gone on record against Lindsay on a host of sore issues. The flamboyant Fino is not alone. The Fusion Mayor has managed to un-fuse four out of the five Republican county leaders of New York, on whose organizations his fate in the next election may well depend; that is, unless he gets himself a better sign.

● Good news comes so seldom these days that it's difficult to recognize it. The "Kennedy Round" of

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world tariff negotiations, just concluded in Geneva after three years of chaffering, is very probably good news. Tariffs in 54 countries are sagging to negligible levels (some observers call them "nuisance" levels). The U.S., for example, had an average tariff level of 50 per cent in the 1930s; it had dropped to 12 per cent by 1961; the new levels will average about 5 per cent (the figures are highly abstract; the order of magnitude is informative, however). Free trade among nations is an absolute good and should be encouraged. One potential troublemaker, though, is the absence of further room for negotiations. Once you've dropped tariffs to zero, what else can you offer? There's the possibility that other restrictions will become more important—quotas (e.g., oil), exchange controls (e.g., "voluntary" restrictions of U.S. investment abroad), export subsidies. But for the nonce, holding one's breath, one may applaud.

● Even Conservatives were startled at the full margin of their victory in Britain's local elections. The city borough polls followed the same spectacular pattern as last month's Tory successes in the London and County Council elections. Three years ago, Labor controlled every city with a 200,000-plus population except Edinburgh. Now all the great cities barring Glasgow and Sheffield have fallen to the Tories, who gained 1,655 seats by virtue of a 10 per cent switch in voting allegiance. Labor holds less municipal power than at any time since women got the local vote. The Socialists will now have difficulty in pushing their housing and education programs past Conservative councils. Results reflect more than usual midterm anti-Government discontents. With prices sneaking up, wages still arrested by government edict, and no relief in last month's Budget—which left only the Government's own spending run unchecked—voters have lost their faith in Harold Wilson's economic wizardry. The Prime Minister will have to hand out a few goodies if Labor is to win again in 1970.

● After making the Portuguese grovel in Macao, the Chinese Communists are now out to show who holds the aces in the nearby British colony of Hong Kong. Peking wall-posters accuse the British of police brutality in dealing with labor riots in Hong Kong and of providing a base for U.S. "aggression" in Vietnam—meaning the ships of the Seventh Fleet which visit the colony on leave trips. China could paralyze Hong Kong in a trice by cutting off food and water supplies. The British only hold the mainland New Territories on a Chinese lease which runs out in 1997. But invasion of Hong Kong would jeopardize China's outlet for $700 million a year in trade with the West, bringing in urgently needed foreign currency. Yet the Chinese could just be crazy enough to smash the vital commercial machinery of Hong Kong for the sake of a Maoist mania.

● Those Soviet vessels that have been bumping one of ours around the Sea of Japan were apparently manned by captains who expected the Americans to swerve, as American ships have in the past, to avoid being hit. But the Navy, harassed for years by these antics, had quietly instructed its captains to maintain course. So the destroyer *Walker* took scrapes across the bow two days in a row, and strong diplomatic notes were exchanged. Result: the bumping has stopped, and the game of surveillance between the U.S. Seventh Fleet and the Russian naval forces based at Vladivostok proceeds to the next pressure point.

● Why doesn't Russia veto Austria's moves to link up with the Common Market? After all, Russia does not admit the EEC's existence. And under the 1955 Independence Treaty the Communists can raise hell if the Austrians waver from total East-West neutrality. In New York recently, Austrian Vice-Chancellor and Trade Minister Fritz Bock unveiled the ironic answer. Austria does a greater percentage of her trade with the Communists than does any other West European nation. To line up with the EEC, Austria would have to lower her tariffs to all comers. So Russia and acolytes would be able to sell more to the Austrians—but not of course vice versa. As long as the Communists keep their currency frozen, for them it will be heads you buy, tails we sell.

● A young Buddhist woman in Saigon incinerated herself on May 16 and on May 17 another young Buddhist woman, a friend and mentor of the first, was launched on the path to stardom by the *New York Times*. Says Cao Ngoc Phuong, "frail young botany teacher" and disciple of Thich Tri Quang, "What has Ky done for the peasants? What more does he offer than the Communists?" Two months ago, a poll taken by the Center for Vietnamese Studies in Saigon and Opinion Research (Princeton) found 90 per cent of the South Vietnamese population favoring the Ky government and 100 per cent opposed to the Vietcong. But Miss Phuong is frail, and young, and has 59 people in her organization. Uh, 58.

● If you happen to be browsing at the Faculty Lounge of the Firestone Library at Princeton University, and want to pick up a little information on current affairs, you will find available: *Time*, *Harpers*, *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Economist*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation*,

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the *New Statesman,* the *Progressive,* and *I. F. Stone's Weekly.* When leaving, you will find the exit, appropriately, on the left.

● Author, anyone? *Non, non, mille fois non, les Anglais ne passeront pas!*

RSVP

Remarks by our UN ambassador, Arthur J. Goldberg, tend to shuttle rather confusingly between sense and nonsense, but he held to the positive arc of his cycle during most of a talk he gave, May 13, to a foreign policy conference held at Chicago's Pick-Congress hotel.

Mr. Goldberg observed how North Vietnam spokesmen, in their constantly reiterated demand that U. S. air raids must end "permanently and unconditionally," kept issuing statements "implying but not quite saying" that thereon "Hanoi would be willing to talk." It is the purpose of these ambiguous statements, Mr. Goldberg implied without quite saying, to fuel the global call for an unconditional end to the bombing as the way to get negotiations and peace.

Mr. Goldberg then, in what sounded almost like a reversion to his former style as hard-headed negotiator for the United Steelworkers, declared that before the U. S. could "proceed along these lines," there would have to be answers to the questions:

"1. What would we talk about and how soon?

"2. Would the talks embrace our proposals as well as those of Hanoi?

"3. Would the purpose of the talks be an honorable negotiated settlement and not a mere surrender of our side?

"4. How would Hanoi reciprocate militarily to our action in ceasing the bombing?

Beaton, *Toronto Telegram,* Canada

"5. What assurances would there be that neither side would derive any military advantage from the other's de-escalation?"

The fifteen senators who on May 16 announced they were going to get in touch with Hanoi about peace might usefully begin by requesting replies to Mr. Goldberg's commonsense queries.

De Gaulle Has Spoken

Charles de Gaulle's imperial veto of England's application for entry into the Common Market was delivered in the grand style, but it is heavy with animus. Obviously attempting to bolster a rationale for keeping England away, General de Gaulle launched into economic analyses in which he is manifestly ill at ease, and it must have been a strain on him to memorize—as is his habit at all his press conferences—those passages in which he explained England's economic disqualifications.

It isn't that de Gaulle didn't make some good points, independently considered. Much of what he said about England is true, for instance that the English pound is shaky, and that the Common Market—which greatly depends on mutual convertibility of currencies—does not like to link up with a shaky partner. There are the repercussions in the Commonwealth and elsewhere to be considered. And to consider other matters than Europe—as narrowly defined by Charles de Gaulle—is a cardinal obstacle to camaraderie with Charles de Gaulle.

There are of course difficulties in English participation. But the whole Common Market idea is heavily burdened with difficulties for that matter, and there is no reason to believe that England's addition to that community would confront the Market with the marginal difficulty. What Charles de Gaulle distrusts is not England's economic suitability, but her political suitability. Concerning the latter, de Gaulle was vigorous, mostly indirect, but not always so. He referred to "England's special relationships," including "those with America."

It was in his summation that de Gaulle was most characteristically himself. Having devoted two thousands words to describing England's unfortunate inadequacies, he loftily condescended to the oldest and most stable parliamentary government in the world, against the ironic background of a France whose Fifth Republic is being rocked by a general strike in protest against de Gaulle's invocation of despotic powers.

It is my intention, said de Gaulle, "to wait for the change to be brought about by the internal and external developments of which, it seems, England is showing signs. In other words, that this great people, so magnificently gifted with ability and courage, should

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Blatant political blackmail, harsh exchanges, and complicated parliamentary moves marked the month-long battle over repeal of the Presidential Election Campaign Fund Act, passed during the last days of the 89th Congress and apparently buried this month. Leading the move for repeal of the Act, which places enormous power and money in the hands of major party leaders, were Senators Albert Gore (D., Tenn.) and John J. Williams (R., Del.). Fighting to save his own bill was Sen. Russell B. Long, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. The repeal move was made in the form of a rider—an extraneous amendment—to the bill restoring the 7 per cent business tax credit. Long threatened that if his Campaign Financing Act were repealed, he would seek either to defeat the entire tax-credit bill, or else a Presidental veto of it—an obvious effort to force business to support him.

◆ This is how the fight proceeded: 1) On April 13, the Senate voted 48-42 to repeal the Campaign Financing Act. 2) On April 20, when five Gore supporters were absent, the Senate restored the Act by a 46-42 vote. 3) Majority Leader Mike Mansfield then moved to send the tax bill back to the Finance Committee with instructions that a) all riders except the Gore rider be removed, which would kill Long's Campaign Financing Act, and b) the Finance Committee write a new campaign financing bill within six weeks, which would then be voted upon by the Congress. This passed 63-22 on April 25; but then 4) Senator Long retaliated by moving that the tax bill be totally free of riders—which would kill the repeal rider, and keep his Campaign Financing Act intact. He was defeated 52-46 on May 2. 5) Long, however, still continued to fight and threatened a filibuster. Desperate to get on to other business, the opposition majority decided to compromise. It voted 93-4 on May 10 to keep the law on the statute books instead of repealing it outright, but to make it inoperative until Congress votes guidelines governing the distribution of any campaign funds raised under the Act. It was not a totally happy ending, but since the House is considered more hostile than the Senate to the Campaign Financing Act, it probably is dead for this session of Congress and for the 1968 elections. It was a crushing defeat for Long, who made so many enemies in this battle that he may permanently have lost his chance of becoming Majority Leader —which post he greatly desires.

◆ Republicans had a fight of their own in the Senate. Cause of it all was a 91-page staff study of Vietnam prepared for the Senate GOP Policy Committee which sharply criticized the Administration's handling of the war in such a way as to invite speculation that the GOP was turning doveish. The report was released to the public before Committee members could discuss it, and Sen. Bourke R. Hickenlooper (R., Iowa), Committee Chairman, said he had released it because of threats to leak the contents. Who made the threat? Percy denied any involvement but doves Hatfield and Fulbright praised the report, while the Dirksen-Ford GOP leadership and Sen. John Tower strongly opposed it. (Hickenlooper, accepting responsibility for releasing the report, now says he had been so sure it was only a harmless "backgrounder" that he hadn't even bothered to read it first.) Even ultra-liberal California Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel joined Dirksen and Tower, calling for bipartisan support of U.S. policy in Vietnam. Kuchel, obviously, is mending his fences for 1968.

◆ The House has voted to defer approval of additional funds for the Teacher Corps, but Rep. Frank T. Bow (R., Ohio), top-ranking Republican on the House Appropriations Committee, recalls that the House last year similarly refused to approve such funds but finally agreed to a Senate-House compromise on $7.5 million "to phase out the program." Sen. John O. Pastore (D., R.I.), Chairman of the Senate Appropriations subcommittee handling the program, admits "it won't be easy" to salvage the Teacher Corps this year, but he will try. The House Appropriations Committee has also cut the "Demonstration Cities" money from the requested $662 million to $237 million, and reduced funds for the "Rent Subsidies" program from the requested $45 million to $15 million. The House subsequently killed the Rent Subsidies Bill (232 to 171), but Administration forces rallied in time to save the Demonstration Cities measure by voting down a Republican move to cut the funds for it down to $12 million.

—CATO

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on their own behalf and for themselves achieve the profound economic and political transformation which would allow them to join the six continentals. I truly believe that this is the desire of many people who wish to see a Europe appear, which would have its natural dimensions, and who have for England a deep admiration and a sincere friendship. If Britain one day reached this stage, with what joy would France then greet this historic transformation.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have finished."

Finished with England. And, by example, with any other nation whose ties to the United States are so close as to disharmonize with de Gaulle's landed vision of a self-contained, endogamous continental unit, free at last from commercial, military and political ties with the United States—the "other hegemony," as the General refers to the country that has overpaid the debt we have to Lafayette.

The Committee for Justice for Dodd

Belatedly, a Committee has been formed whose goal is to stimulate a reasoned public discussion of the motion to censure Senator Dodd. The Committee takes no position concerning whether the Senator

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should be censured, but does take the position that the information passed along by the ethics committee is itself inconclusive.

Specifically, the Committee asks:

—That a prominent jurist review the ethics committee's report against the hearings conducted by that committee, to pass judgment on the charge that the committee's staff stacked the report against Senator Dodd.

—That the American Civil Liberties Union review the question whether Senator Dodd's rights have been observed, and whether the ethics committee, in taking the word of a discredited bookkeeper against the word of Senator Dodd, isn't among other things challenging the presumption of innocence.

—That the press take notice of Senator Dodd's defense, which has gone almost incredibly unnoticed in the tidal flow of accusations leveled by Drew Pearson.

Among the Committee's sponsors are Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives. A partial list includes John Dos Passos, Christopher Emmet, Lawrence Fertig, Professor Louis Hacker, Henry Hazlitt, Eugene Lyons, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Norbert Muhlen, David Rowe, Karl Wittfogel, Leo Cherne and Sol Stein. Mr. Emmet is its executive secretary, and the address is GPO Box 1898, New York 10001.

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW heartily endorse the Committee, and encourage all those who believe in its goals to communicate with their senators.

"The National Council of Churches isn't going to like this."

About the Draft

If the Vietnam war is the most important single issue in American politics, surely the military draft is a close second. Everyone has an opinion on it, from Teddy Kennedy, who wants to substitute a lottery, to Joan Baez, who wants to create a nation of conscientious objectors, to the libertarian conservatives (include us in) who want to abolish the draft and substitute a voluntary professional military force.

Milton Friedman, Barry Goldwater and Russell Kirk are among the prominent conservatives who have recently spoken out in favor of abolishing the draft. It is noteworthy that Goldwater took this position during the 1964 campaign and so did Lyndon Johnson. What is less seldom mentioned is that the Friedman-type proposal specifically provides for the possibility that the military planners will require a large reservoir of trained men. In that case, says Friedman (in the current *New Guard*), "standby provisions for conscription could be justified." Friedman makes the very important distinction between compulsory military *training* and the present system, which is compulsory military *service*.

It is important to distinguish among motives, too. The libertarian conservatives would abolish the draft and establish a voluntary military force in order to enhance the area of liberty. The Left wants to abolish the draft in order to cripple the warmaking potential of the United States. For them, as Goldwater points out in a recent column, voluntary soldiers are "mercenaries."

What no one seems to have said so far is that the proposal to abolish the draft and establish a voluntary force involves an extremely important assumption concerning the weapons that will be available to the new army. Under the draft we can lay hand on twenty million men. A voluntary system relying uniquely upon the attraction of good pay could not possibly lure a mass army—as Friedman admits. Nevertheless the present global strategy of the United States has committed us to maintaining enormous numbers of men in uniform. The very fact that a half-million American servicemen are inadequate to the job in one small country, Vietnam, and furthermore that they are apparently committed to staying there into the indefinite future—underscores the insatiable hunger for raw recruits under our present system of withstanding the Communist push. If brushfires should break out in ten other places—and North Korea is ready, the Huks are restless in the Philippines, something's up in Venezuela, the Dominican Republic is not tied down—we might wake up to the need for five or ten million men in uniform.

Under the *present* strategy, that is. The present strategy commits us to opposing the enemy with

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American troops on almost a man-to-man ratio. We refuse to invoke our strongest weapons. Under a voluntary system, with a small army of professionals, we would have no choice but to alter our strategy in the direction that has been urged upon us for years by our greatest military thinkers, starting with MacArthur in 1952. Namely, start using our advanced weapons, the tactical nuclear bombs, the debilitating chemicals, some of the appropriate gases. The conclusion is inescapably implicit in the proposals for a voluntary army.

And the Establishment knows it.

X-Rays, Missiles and Anti-Missiles

The Pentagon last week released, via Dr. John S. Foster, director of defense research and engineering, some of the facts concerning technical advances in the development of an anti-missile system. In particular Dr. Foster described how X-rays emitted from thermonuclear blasts above the earth's atmosphere can provide an "area defense" against incoming enemy warheads. It is not necessary for the defensive anti-missile missiles to be directly on target. Moving out from a blast at virtually the speed of light, the X-rays can destroy the mechanism of enemy missiles within a considerable range. Thus three primary problems of an anti-missile system are simultaneously solved: the long-range defensive missiles (Spartans in the U. S. Nike-X system) get a target area big enough for their accuracy limits; the most lethal of the emitted rays are dissipated harmlessly above the atmosphere instead of on the home territory; the remaining fallout is spread far above the earth, whence it will filter down only very slowly.

This X-ray defense would not be 100 per cent effective against a saturation attack combining decoys and other deceptive devices with large numbers of business-warheads. A fuller defense in that case would have to include short-range defensive missiles (Sprints in the Nike-X system) to destroy in the atmosphere near the earth those enemy warheads that got through the X-ray barrier. This short-range defense is thus still subject to the heavy disabilities of lethal rays, other radioactive fallout, and thermal fronts for the home population. Thus, as against Soviet capabilities, the X-ray potential does not answer the arguments so far made by Secretary McNamara against production and deployment of an anti-missile system. McNamara can still claim convincingly that the most effective defense against the Soviet missile force (in being or what could fairly quickly be added) remains the deterrent capability of our own missile force; and that the most effective answer to Soviet anti-missiles at their present stage is more and better offensive missiles of our own.

However, granted the X-ray method, the argument no longer holds as against what Dr. Foster called "simple attacks" by a secondary nuclear force such as China's is and for many years will be. A secondary force could not mount a saturation attack. According to Dr. Foster's testimony, "comparatively few Spartan batteries can defend the whole United States from simple attacks." He estimates the cost at $4 billion.

One may guess that the Pentagon made this hitherto classified information public as a preliminary to the proposal to go ahead with the smaller-scale anti-missile system. It would seem to make as good sense militarily as it undoubtedly does politically.

Choices, Not Echoes

If you like choices, not echoes, for your elections, you're going to be pleased by the menu when you step into the polling booth Nov. 5, 1968. By the present look of things, at least four main courses are going to be listed in many, quite possibly most, states: Lyndon Johnson, Mr. Republican, George Wallace and the Peace Candidate.

The Alabama governor's husband did not bother with the usual cozy disavowals during his swing around the Northeastern and Midwestern circuit (see above). He allowed as how he is thinking of running, and he makes no objection to the "Wallace for President" office that has opened for business in his home town. On the Left, there is not yet any fixation on a single figure comparable to Wallace on the Right, but an analogous process of political fission is bringing rapid development of a fourth-party organism.

NR and its auxiliary *Bulletin* have been noting these multi-party trends for the past two years. In

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Thoughts on the Wallace Candidacy After Having Read Frank Meyer's Analysis

I dearly love the taste of sour cream.
And yet, because the fat's so saturated,
I realize that eating it's *extreme* . . .
But yesterday I ate it until sated!
Thus, intellectually, I suppose
I know the Wallace candidacy's bad:
The Gallup and the Harris polls disclose
That with him, only Lyndon would be glad.
However, when he mounts another raid
Deep into Rockefeller territory,
My resolution starts to retrograde
As George recounts the old, familiar story.
If I seem tempted toward catastrophe,
Just blame it on Moon Mullins, inside me.

W. H. VON DREELE

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June 1965 we wrote: "The liberal wing of the Democratic Party . . . is sorely divided. Its orthodox members are so bitterly opposed to the President's foreign policies that it may become hard for them to remain in the same party. . . . It is not impossible that a third party of the Left—a revival of the [Henry Wallace] Progressive Party 'at a higher stage'—will appear again on the scene." And in March this year we went further in specific prophecy: "One prediction seems as certain as a political prediction can ever be: If the Vietnam war is still going on next year, the Democratic Party will split."

Events of the last two months reinforce the multiparty outlook. As the Wallace candidacy becomes all but official, the idea of a Left-flank party is emerging into the open from its two-year festering in the extremist journals. Talk of a "third-party peace ticket" headed by Martin Luther King Jr. and Dr. Benjamin Spock spread nationally after April's "Spring Mobilization" against the Vietnam war. Black Powerites, most of the New Left and the 57 varieties of Communists have some time ago announced their irrevocable break with Lyndon Johnson. But nearer the center, too, the anti-Johnson sentiment has deepened to a pitch where comparing Johnson to Hitler (Captain Howard Levy, the doctor who refused to instruct Green Beret troops) or Stalin (Dwight Macdonald), not to speak of Macbeth, has become routine. Committees for a Kennedy-Fulbright ticket have spread to several dozen cities.

A fortnight ago the peace-party idea moved into the respectable liberal columns of the *New Republic* (May 13 issue), which in New Frontier days was a semi-official Administration organ. Two "graduate students in government at Harvard," Doris Kearns and Sanford Levinson, write on "How to Remove LBJ in 1968." (By one of those charming little ironies of our time, Doris was inducted on May 1, just before her article appeared, as one of the new White House Fellows who will serve for the coming year, privy to goings-on, as LBJ's special aides.)

It is not unusual for American politics to be all shook up halfway through a Presidential term. It is, in fact, the imminent need to choose a President that pulls the diverse elements periodically together into the simple two-party pattern. But this time, as every generation or so in the past, the shaking and the ferment are more profound. The splits are the expression, fundamentally, of the strains of the Vietnam war and the racial conflict. There is no possibility of any major improvement in the racial conflict by next year, and it is unlikely that we will have finished with the war, though our position may be somewhat bettered. It seems therefore doubtful that the two-party structure will succeed in aborting the birth of what may prove to be two ugly and dangerous political monsters.

Who Guards the Guardian?

Alastair Hetherington, editor of Britain's leading liberal daily, the (Manchester) *Guardian*, has personally led a passionate Vietnik campaign—against the prevailing trend of English editors to steer clear of political involvement. But en route to the World Newspapers Conference in Tokyo, Hetherington actually visited South Vietnam, which is also unusual for chair-happy newspaper chiefs.

An amazing Peking-style recantation of all that the *Guardian* has stood for followed. Hetherington now opines: "The best chance of a peaceful life for the South Vietnamese is to let the Americans continue their military operations. Let us realize what a bloodbath there would be in the South if the Americans were to withdraw.

"The bringing into South Vietnam of two or three hundred thousand more troops by the United States would be fully justified if these troops were to be used to extend security and 'search-and-clear' operations." Formerly no leftist organ could rival the *Guardian* in its fervent denunciations of escalation as a sterile strategy doomed to drag out rather than curtail the war. It is as if Cassius Clay started plugging the draft.

Hetherington even praised the "American dedication to civil reconstruction" that he had observed in South Vietnam. Most European liberals dismiss reconstruction as a PR cover for napalming innocent peasants. Hetherington's total change of heart certainly set the moderates furiously to thinking—and may even stiffen the wavering resolution of Prime Minister Wilson, a long-time Hetherington friend and *Guardian* reader.

Next week: Harrison Salisbury backs Marshal Ky.

While Chatting with a Poet . . .

"New York—Mayor John V. Lindsay's office today told organizers of the May 13 'Support Our Boys in Vietnam' parade that he would be out of town that day and thus unable to join them."

—News Item

Dear Mayor Lindsay:
Sorry to learn you missed the big parade Saturday. It was a fun thing—a regular Happening, right there on Fifth Avenue, with a hundred thousand people waving what must have been twice that many flags (American flags—you know, like in pop art). There were bands and color guards and a truckload of burly Teamsters Union men, and bands and a covey of praying nuns and a junior bagpipe outfit from Teaneck, New Jersey, and bands and a float from the Longshoremen's Union ("We'll Get Supplies to

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Our Boys If We Have to Row Over!") and fife and drum and drum and bugle corps and bands, and a unit of white and brown and black teen-agers in fatigues and green berets (they looked ready to *swim* over), and the Comanche's Raiders from Huntington, Long Island, and bands, bands, bands. A Brooklyn housewife approached the group from the Greenwich Village Conservative Club and asked if she might parade along with them. "I'm sure you can," a nice middle-aged lady told her. "I don't belong to anything—I just thought I should come down and march." We saw in the line of march, sandwiched between two bands, a unit consisting of a young woman, her daughter, her mother-in-law and, in a stroller, her small nephew. They were joined in midparade by two friends who vaulted the barricade and darted between the policemen.

The policemen behaved perfectly, by the way. As soon as the orders came down to stop flaunting their feelings, they obediently took off their "Back Our Boys" buttons and removed the American flags from their squad cars. There was very little trouble, really. Up on 93rd Street, where the parade started, somebody hung a "Get Out of Vietnam" sign from a fourth-story window; a handsome young man clambered up the fire escape and gently removed it, before some droopy peacefolk carrying droopy flowers ambled up, smiled weakly and then ran like hell—although nobody threatened them that we could see.

You really would have enjoyed the parade, Mr. Mayor. Besides thousands of your constituents, there were marchers from such faraway places as New Jersey, Westchester County and Queens. It was very eclectic too—Negroes and Puerto Ricans, lots of them, marched right alongside white people. The Jewish War Veterans marched, as soon as the Sabbath ended at sunset. Anyway, you heard the parade, from over in Central Park where you were spotted helping some designers and architects plan a more livable environment for the future. That was before you dashed home to chat on the lawn with the Russian poet Andrei Vosnesensky, right? How's it going with Russian poetry? Are they also sending the poets to Hanoi?

Philippa Schuyler, R I P

To read about Philippa Schuyler is an overwhelming experience. How, one wonders, how could any single human being have done all the things Miss Schuyler accomplished? Child prodigy, composer, concert pianist, journalist, author, humanitarian. She thought nothing of taking off on a concert tour of sixty nations. She played on the finest concert stages in the world, but also on out-of-tune pianos in 110° temperatures, under thatched roofs and in Quonset huts, on rickety jerry-built platforms. She would grace a garden party at the Governor-General's residence one day and trek through the jungle to interview the survivor of a Congo massacre the next. As the daughter of George Schuyler, the distinguished Negro journalist, Miss Schuyler found it easier than most reporters to talk to Africans and they, in turn, talked more freely to her. Her reports on the Congo (several of which were published in NATIONAL REVIEW) were penetrating and informative. Some of her later, and reputedly finest, compositions were based on African themes.

She traveled widely in South America, Africa and Asia in her dual role as political reporter and concert pianist. It was on a tour of South Vietnam a fortnight ago that Philippa Schuyler died, at thirty-five. Hearing that some Catholic orphans in Hué were in danger from what looked like a new eruption of Buddhist violence, she volunteered to guide them out. She died when the helicopter in which she and nine children were flying plunged into the sea. Philippa Schuyler was unmarried, but her legacy was considerable—not only her books and her music, but the example she gave to an alienated generation of how a single individual can enrich the human race.

THE NR POLL

Here are this month's poll results, with last month's in parentheses:

1. I expect to vote for any Presidential candidate the Republican Party is likely to nominate in 1968, on the theory that any Republican will be better than anyone the Democrats are likely to name. 11% (9%)
2. I will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 only if he is a conservative. 22% (23%)
3. I will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 if he is a conservative or at least a middle-of-the roader, but not if he is a liberal. 41% (41%)
4. If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will vote for a third-party candidate or write in a conservative candidate. 21% (20%)
5. If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will vote for Johnson. 5% (4%)
6. If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will not vote for a Presidential candidate. 1% (2%)

Of those who chose (2) (conservative only), 37% also chose a second response: 77%, (4); 8%, (5) and 15%, (6). Likewise, 28% of those who checked (3)—(conservative or middle-of-the-roader)—qualified their choice: 69% also checked (4); 14%, (5) and 17%, (6).

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ON THE RIGHT

The Anti-Dodd Report

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Senate will debate beginning on May 22 the recommendation of its ethics committee that Senator Thomas Dodd be censured. It is a pity that the leadership of the Senate is in so great a hurry. The ethics committee took approximately fourteen months to hear the case and write its recommendations. Those who are unconvinced by those recommendations should have a little time to do some research. What is the difference between censuring Senator Dodd now, and waiting a few weeks? Will the Senate lose its honor irretrievably during the period?

Buckley

These are those who ask, why delay? Wasn't the work of the ethics committee for all intents and purposes conclusive? That assumption is natural: why would a responsible group of senators desire to hang their colleague unjustly?

Yet even a perfunctory examination of the Report, when compared with the Hearings, suggests prejudice. Prejudice by the staff. It is a fact of life that a committee relies heavily, sometimes even altogether, on its staff. The staff framed the Report, the senators saw it and approved of it. Did they mean to approve, for instance, of the following summaries?—To give only two examples:

1. Concerning the testimonial dinner for Senator Dodd at which Vice President Johnson was the guest of honor, and the alleged impropriety of Senator Dodd's use of some of the funds raised at the event: "President Johnson," said the Report, "recently stated publicly that he never knew that any dinner he attended was to raise funds for anyone's personal use (p. 893 Hearings)."

Now on reading that sentence, aren't *you* left with the impression that *Johnson* is conveying the impression that he was deceived by Senator Dodd?—that he had gone to Connecticut thinking the affair was to be one thing, whereas it had turned out to be something else—something else quite objectionable?

But then turn to page 893 of the Hearings, which unfortunately is not easy to do because not everybody has the two fat Hearings volumes handy, and you will find an excerpt from a Presidential Press Conference (April 22, 1966) at which the President is asked his views on the use of money raised at the dozens of testimonial dinners he has attended. The President says that he has been at no testimonial dinner specifically described as intended to raise money for personal use (obviously). "I always understood," Johnson went on, "that they were having an appreciation dinner or testimonial dinner but I didn't know that it was for personal, or political, or local campaign, or national."

Buyers Not Complaining

In other words, the President (although he did not know that the proceeds were to be made available for personal use, said that for that matter he did not know for what purpose they were intended. At no time did he express shock at the proposal that such proceeds might be put to personal use, or imply that he had been deceived by Dodd.

What about the people who actually put up the money, who bought the one-hundred-dollar tickets?

The staff lists the four affairs, describing the number of affidavits collected, and the number of people present. Here is a typical example: "Affidavits from about 300 persons who attended the 1965 dinner indicated that they contributed money for Senator Dodd's personal use. Approximately 1,000 persons attended the dinner, according to newspaper reports."

Once again: What is the impression conveyed? That only thirty per cent of the people who attended that dinner were prepared to sign affidavits favorable to Senator Dodd.

1) No mention at all that not one person who bought a ticket subsequently protested, either to Dodd or to the Committee—not one. 2) No mention, even, of the obvious fact that if one thousand people attend a dinner, only a fraction of them have actually paid for tickets. Many come in as guests—an individual will, typically, buy an entire table, and invite his friends, associates, etc. 3) Nor any mention that a single affidavit signer may have attended more than one testimonial. 4) Nor that many of the diners were not traceable to any address, so that they couldn't even be asked to sign an affidavit. The gentleman in charge of the Dodd testimonials claims that as it stands 74 per cent of the available tickets buyers have endorsed Dodd's position versus zero demurrals.

There are a dozen other examples. It would be especially honorable if members of the ethics committee were themselves to compare the Report with the Hearings. They are busy men and cannot be expected to have carried all the details of the Hearings in their heads. An independent committee or a prominent jurist should himself compare the two, and issue a report. Or would it be better to censure Senator Dodd on May 22, and then perhaps a year later, when all the facts are in and sufficiently circulated, formally to withdraw that censure and tender him an apology?

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The Explosive Triangle

An article published some weeks ago in the *Economist* (London) predicted that in the period ahead the focus of world conflict would shift to a geographical triangle defined by taking Teheran as one apex, Casablanca as a second, and Djibouti as the third. The situations discussed in several of the articles published in this issue of *NR* conform to this perspective.

Burnham

The *Economist* assumes that Southeast Asia is going to simmer down, probably with some sort of stabilization comparable to what came gradually about in the Korean peninsula following the closely analogous war in that theater. Meanwhile the pressures are rapidly building up within the explosive triangle. Let us consider.

The triangle contains two out of Africa's three serious armies, both primarily supplied and in part trained by the Soviet Union and its satellites. Communist military aid to Algeria was suspended in the political confusion that followed the overthrow of Ben Bella, but has been resumed on a large scale. The formidable Algerian units that confront Morocco along the poorly marked and disputed border sent King Hassan hurrying to Washington a few months ago. In the inevitable conditioned reflex, Washington let it be known that a substantial increase in American equipment, including jet aircraft, would soon be on its way.

It was at the eastern apex of the triangle that there took place, in 1946, the first deliberate confrontation between the great antagonists. The intruding Red Army withdrew from northern Iran, and since that episode Iran has been aligned, by and large, with the United States, Britain and the West. Early this year, however, after some bickering with the Pentagon, Teheran announced that Moscow would supply $100 million worth of military supplies. Although there has not yet been any correlated shift in Teheran's political conduct, that section of the triangle, also, can no longer be considered stable.

The third—southern—apex has just gone through the acute emergency that accompanied the plebiscite conducted by France in her colonial remnant along the horn of Africa. We can be sure that the manipulated result will not satisfy the Somali, who are resolved to bring Djibouti and the entire French holding into a greater Somalia.

And to the South

In fact, this whole region is in active ferment. Irregular warfare has lately expanded along the Somalia-Kenya border to the south and the Somalia-Ethiopia border to the west. North of Djibouti, the Ethiopian army tries to quiet the restless people of Eritrea. Farther to the west the fierce internal struggles of southern Sudan between Nilotic Moslems and Negroid pagans and Christians spill over the neighboring boundaries.

In the mideast segment of the triangle, troubles between the radical, Soviet-backed bloc (UAR, Syria, Iraq, republican Yemen) and the relatively conservative Western-backed bloc (Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Iran, Israel, royalist Yemen), complicated by the intricate pan-Arab/Israel relationship, have been hotting up. Killings on the Syria-Israel border are an almost daily occurrence; a month ago the action escalated to tank combat and aerial dogfights in which several planes were shot down. Israel has recently started what looks like a propaganda preparation for an admonitory strike against Syria.

The roughest current action, and the largest threat, is in the south of the Arabian peninsula, just across the narrow straits from Djibouti. In Yemen, war has been going on since 1962—a war, moreover, in which Soviet-made tanks and planes, manned by Egyptians, are wiping out villages by poison gas and napalm as well as shells, though one would never guess this from the proceedings of Lord Russell's tribunal or U Thant's speeches. This war is now spreading into Aden and the sheikdoms of the South Arabian Federation, and into Saudi Arabia, on one of whose southern ports, a few days ago, UAR pilots dropped their bomb loads.

As in the Maghreb, the reflexes are inexorable. Britain and the U.S. rush military equipment to Saudi Arabia, as the Soviet Union speeds its shipments into Yemen and through Yemen to the "liberation armies" of southern Arabia (FLOSY and the NLF). The thunder echoes through the booming oil fields beyond, in Kuwait, Bahrein, Iraq, Iran.

Un-thawing Thaw

The imminent crisis in southern Arabia is precipitated by one more spasm in the death agony of the British Empire. London announced the withdrawal of its forces from Aden, the principal base on the Arabian Sea, and added that Aden would become part of the South Arabian Federation which Britain had pasted together. The move, like many moves by disintegrating nations, is self-contradictory. How can Britain successfully uphold a political zone in southern Arabia by abandoning southern Arabia's strongest position and withdrawing the greater part of her armed forces? In actuality, the announcement of withdrawal from Aden was equivalent to an invitation to the UAR-Soviet-backed Yemeni to take over. Their attempt, in turn, automatically touches off the further repercussions, up through Saudi Arabia and the oil fields to Damascus, Cairo, Tel Aviv, Teheran and on to Moscow and Washington.

Contemplating the present state and prospects of the triangle, it's comforting to know, from the assurances of all our best experts, that the cold war is over.

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Countdown in the Middle East

I

What's In It For the United States?

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

A clear, thoughtful analysis of basic American interests in the Middle East is badly needed and difficult to obtain, from government or other sources, for two reasons. The first is the emotional and domestic political overtones which have, since the creation of Israel, colored U. S. relations with Israel and the Arab states alike. The second is the curious unwillingness of many people, in government and out, to discuss foreign policy in terms of material self interest, particularly when oil is involved.

Yet the American stake in the Middle East is not difficult to define. The strategic importance of the area has been recognized by the European powers and Russia, in terms basically similar to those applying today, for close to two centuries. In this country, recognition has naturally come slowly, and came on a wide scale only during the Second World War. Then the battles of the Western desert, the Lend-Lease supply line to Russia through Iran, and the constant concern with precarious Turkish neutrality, emphasized the importance of this juncture of three continents even to a country as far away as ours. The latest power to be actively concerned in the area is Red China.

We have the same interest in the Middle East as we have elsewhere: that peace shall be preserved, or at least that no local conflict shall develop so as to endanger world peace.

All That Black Gold

And then there is the oil. Oil gives the Middle East a special importance. In the great oil fields of Iran, Iraq and the Arabian Peninsula are contained about 70 per cent of the free world's proved reserves, some 250,000 billion barrels. It is important to us not because we as a nation are dependent upon it as fuel. We *could* get along without it, although the earnings of American companies operating in the area contribute substantially to the inflow of funds.

But the main reason why Middle East oil is important to us is its importance to our allies in Western Europe. Even though their dependence upon it to meet their energy requirements may be diminished year by year as other oil and gas fields are opened in North Africa, West Africa, the North Sea and elsewhere, our closest ally, Great Britain, remains financially dependent upon it. Eliminate the income which Britain receives directly from the oil, and the hundreds of millions of pounds sterling deposited in London by oil-rich governments and individuals in the Persian Gulf area, and the British fiscal edifice must collapse.

We can gain a new appreciation of our own stake in the Middle East by considering Soviet interests and activities there. From the point of view of Russian national security, the interest is obvious, and has been expressed explicitly and forcefully for centuries. Talk of peaceful coexistence with the Soviet Union seems totally inapplicable in the Middle East today.

The kind of importance that Moscow attaches to the area may be deduced from a few figures. Since 1955, Moscow has extended $3 billion in economic and military assistance to the United Arab Republic alone. Military aid to the UAR, Syria, Iraq and Yemen exceeds $2 billion and continued an upward trend into 1966. Significantly, the Soviet economic aid program shifted emphasis recently to countries with an anti-Communist record such as Iran and Turkey. In 1965 over 75 per cent of new Soviet economic aid agreements outside of the Bloc were to CENTO countries.

The majority of all Soviet personnel engaged outside of the Bloc in military and technical assistance programs is concentrated in the Middle East and has increased approximately 300 per cent since 1960. Communist Bloc military technicians in the area number almost 2,000 with an additional 1,000 in nearby Algeria and Somalia; Soviet economic technicians in the area, now over 3,000, have increased even more rapidly, by 400 per cent since 1960. At least as significant are the 5,000 technicians from the underdeveloped countries who are trained in the USSR each year. Of the 5,000 military technicians being trained in the USSR today, 50 per cent are from the Arab Near East.

Russian intelligence agents occupy 60 to 70 per cent of all official USSR diplomatic positions in Middle East countries. Most of the senior Soviet diplomats are intelligence personnel. Of the eleven Soviet ambassadors to Arab states, five are known to be former intelligence officers.

There is certainly no mystery about what Soviet intentions with regard to Middle Eastern oil must be. Recent activities of the Egyptian and Syrian governments, with evident Soviet support, remind us that the Soviets would like to see Western oil operations nationalized by local governments amenable to Soviet influence. Such governments could be expected to negotiate directly with the governments of consuming countries, eliminating any role for private enterprise and placing the Soviet Union in a position to turn the valve and cut off petroleum supplies for Western Europe at will.

The Russians and their Egyptian and Syrian agents have learned a lesson from the Iranian nationalization of the early 1950s. If just one of the producing nations in the Gulf area nationalizes the industry, its neighbors would be able to make up the loss and grow fat at its expense. To obtain the necessary leverage at least two of the Big Four producers (Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Iran, Iraq) must nationalize at about the same time.

Working against easy Soviet achievement of this objective, in addi-

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It's been a long uphill pull and *National Review* has been in the thick of it all along. (Imagine, if you will, what the last ten years would have been like for conservatives *without* NR and all the people associated with it!) And while "conservative" isn't a dirty word anymore it isn't exactly on every tongue. We still have a long way to go.

Up to now our audience has been composed mainly of knowledgeable conservatives and those Liberals who want to keep up with things conservative. Lately, however, there has been a sharp upturn in *uncommitted* subscribers who, (judging from the mail) simply appreciate a well-written, well-edited magazine that gives them a different look at the world. *Obviously, these are the very people we must reach if conservative influence is to expand.*

National Review is the kind of magazine that *can* reach them—*can* stimulate them to seriously consider the conservative position. To what extent this happens depends on you (since we can't afford to "buy" subscribers as "mass circulation" magazines do). These people are *your* friends, relatives, neighbors, business and social acquaintances. They may be uncommitted but they're not uninterested.

Do something about arousing that interest. Show them a copy of *National Review*. Tell them about it. Let them know that this is Bill Buckley's magazine, the one that keeps popping up on his "Firing Line" TV show discussions (you'll be surprised at how many people haven't connected the two).

And, most important, tear out the card facing this page right now *and use it!* After all, it's only through the efforts of people like you that we will be able to reach these potential conservatives. We don't know who they are but *you* do. So make it a point to introduce someone to *National Review* today.

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tion to human cupidity, is the growing understanding, among government officials and the small informed segment of public opinion, of the astronomical cost of setting up transportation and marketing facilities which, assuming existing facilities would be denied them, would be required before they could benefit from nationalized oil.

Given these important interests in the area and intensive Russian activity against those interests, what are the principal local issues which affect us? There are two which do most seriously. One is the deep-rooted hostility between Israel and her Arab neighbors. The other is the contest, too often carried on by violence, between the revolutionary and the evolutionary societies in the area. It is the second of these conflicts which is more pertinent to American, and to Soviet, aims in the Middle East.

Israeli-Arab Explosion

Though the Russian "client" states do their best to create the impression that the Soviet Union is supporting the Arabs and the United States the Israelis, this is no longer widely believed. The myth which prevailed for some years after the creation of Israel—that United States Middle Eastern policy was wholly dictated by the Zionists—is no longer widely accepted; the United States has been seen to be acting quite "independently" in accordance with her own national interests—even if the action from time to time may have seemed to some of our friends in the area mysterious if not totally inexplicable. (For example, many Arabs and Iranians still cannot understand why we continued until very recently to aid President Nasser in the face of his great and explicitly stated hostility, his support of Soviet objectives, and his efforts, in Yemen and elsewhere, to destroy our friends in Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Iran.)

By attacking our friends on the grounds that they *are* our friends, or, more commonly and rudely stated, our stooges, the revolutionary propagandists have to a considerable extent blurred the picture they have so long presented of the United States as wholly the tool of Israel. What they are trying to do, in fact, is to use the Arab-Israeli conflict as a weapon in the revolutionary-evolutionary conflict—which their own action and words make clear is far more important to them, no matter how much they protest to the contrary.

How is the Israeli-Arab conflict used as a weapon in the intra-Arab conflict? Partly, as suggested above, on the old Arab principle that, "my enemy's enemy is my friend," and therefore "my enemy's friend is my enemy." The application to our Arab friends is obvious. More directly, however, the passions and hatreds which generated around the partition of Palestine, particularly as nursed by what might fairly be described as professionals among the refugees, can be turned against those said to be "preventing" the refugees from obtaining justice, or at least revenge. The unwelcome knowledge that we are still as a country exclusively identified with Israel in enough areas so that Arabs obviously our friends become in the eyes of *some* fellow Arabs automatically their enemies, should impress upon us one basic lesson in foreign affairs: that is, a nation must not allow itself to be identified so exclusively with any one other nation as to lose, in the eyes of neighboring states, its ability to exercise its own sovereign rights of decision.

The plain fact is that no one in the area wants hostilities to develop between Israel and her Arab neighbors, with the possible exception of the Chinese Communists, who appear to have been egging the Syrian hotheads into ever more violent and dangerous action. Even Shoukairy and the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) publicly place a higher priority upon getting rid of King Hussein of Jordan than they do on "throwing the Israelis back into the sea." One objective is possibly within their reach, the other clearly is not.

The last thing in the world Nasser and his army want is a return engagement with the Israelis. Even the medieval armies of Yemen are more than they can handle. Nonetheless, the very real danger exists that in their efforts to use the Israeli-Arab conflict as a weapon in their attack upon the evolutionary societies, the UAR and Syria may inadvertently touch off an Israeli-Arab explosion which will destroy them along with their enemies The trouble is, they are desperate and their other weapons are blunted.

I have described the contesting parties as revolutionary and evolutionary. The United Arab Republic and Syria are the leaders of the former with Iraq an occasional partner, and their supporters are scattered among the other Arab countries of the region. The evolutionists are led by Saudi Arabia and Jordan, and, non-Arab but deeply involved, Iran. These labels are not meant to identify, as American newspapers most commonly do, forces of the Left or progressive movements on the one hand, opposed to forces of the Right or at least conservative movements on the other. Actually it would be more nearly correct to describe this friction as one of police states *v.* welfare states. The contrast between the social and economic progress achieved in the last decade or two in Egypt, Syria and revolution-torn Iraq on the one hand and the monarchies on the other is striking, not to say educational. It may not be safe to argue that the evolutionary countries have achieved their progress *because* they are monarchies. Obviously the disparity in the achievement between the two camps cannot be attributed to any one factor. For example, population pressure is a more basic cause of Egypt's economic plight than is Nasser's adventuresome foreign policy—in fact, it is a major cause of the latter, for when Nasser, disappointed in his stratagems abroad, has resolved to look inward, he has soon recoiled in horror from the array of domestic problems a birth rate of a million a year presents and for which there is no easy and spectacular solution.

Fortune Favors Iran . . .

Poor Iraq is a non-country with so much built-in national and religious instability that no government presently imaginable can keep it in hand. The old regime was indeed oppressive, but in many respects it functioned as a benevolent despotism and it must look much better now to many Iraqis than it did at the time of its overthrow. Syria, potentially a rich and most attractive country, has developed the world's most serious case of *coupitis,* and too many of her best citizens have, in sadness and despair, gone into exile.

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On the other hand, fortune has favored Iran and Saudi Arabia.

In Iran we have been able to contrast the style of a genuine progressive evolutionist who happens to be a monarch, with that of a nationalist demagogue who talked a better reform program than he actually played and who happened to enjoy Soviet support. The Shah and Mossadegh each sought better terms from the oil companies. Fifteen years ago Mossadegh, who negotiated by propaganda, street mobs and threats, expelled the foreign "imperialist" company from Iran at the cost of a total loss of oil revenues during his own reign and a loss of Iran's competitive position in Middle East oil production, which has only recently been regained. The Shah proved a less noisy and far more effective negotiator. Even though his central argument—that in planning a world oil production program, account must be taken of the country's economic and social requirements—is one which the international oil companies theoretically cannot admit, he did achieve some practical recognition of his point and, more important, substantial material improvement in Iran's position. This has resulted in Iran's getting additional funds to support the Shah's so-called "White Revolution," the anti-illiteracy and health program, the land distribution, agricultural development, road building, and industrial development projects which have made appreciable progress in the last decade.

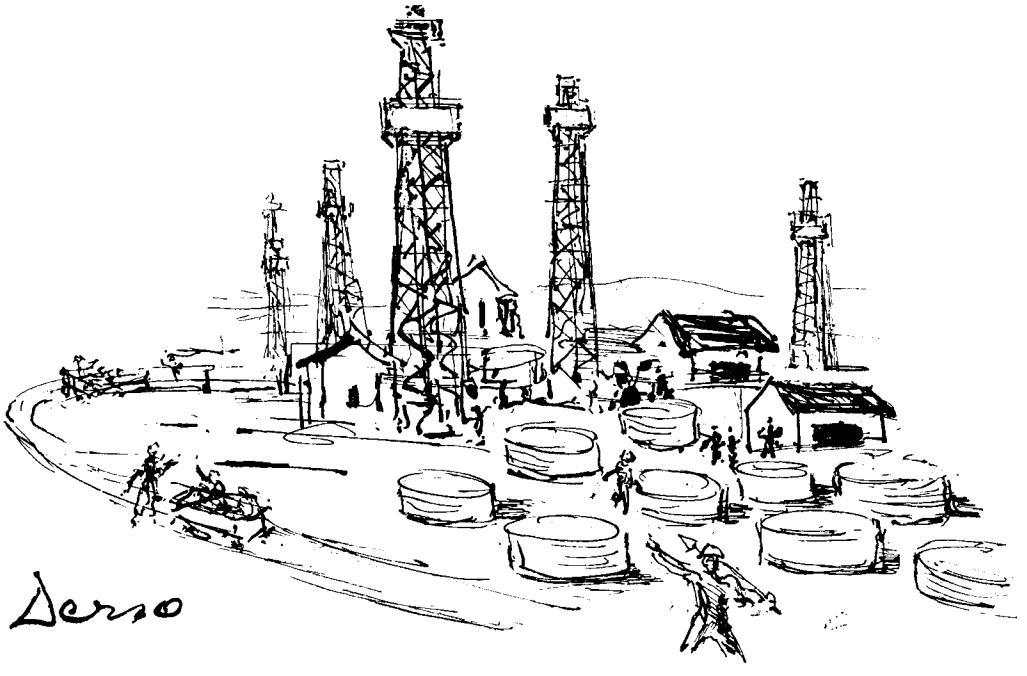
The American and British governments should work closely with the Shah and with King Faisal so that the occasional difficulties between them may be held to a minimum, and Iran and Saudi Arabia continue to play a badly needed leading role in constructive development of the Gulf area. This is particularly important, and difficult, in the context of Britain's forthcoming withdrawal from Aden and Southern Arabia.

. . . *and Saudi Arabia*

Since the abdication of ex-King Saud and the accession to the throne of his brother King Faisal, Saudi Arabia has made impressive progress, especially in education and medical programs, in the building of roads and airstrips, in agriculture and in the beginning of industrial development. Whereas King Saud squandered oil revenues on the Royal Family and such unproductive projects as the great, pink neon-lighted Nasiriyah Palace, which covers two square miles and has the second largest air-conditioning system in the world (the largest, naturally, is the Pentagon's), Faisal's spending has gone for schools, roads and hospitals. The school explosion reached a peak during which one new school was being opened every third day, with particular attention paid to education for girls, which was almost nonexistent in Saudi Arabia until Faisal's day. Since a large percentage of his subjects are nomads, Faisal has devoted special attention to agriculture; he has set up model farms and imported experts to teach new methods of farming. The Bedouin are encouraged to settle in areas where there is fertile land; they can get machinery, seed, and long-term loans at no interest. Development of petroleum by-products such as chemical fertilizer plants is in the works. There is an extensive program for desalinization of water and, against the day when oil may run out, foreign geologists are exploring the vast areas of Saudi Arabia for other minerals.

Iran and Saudi Arabia are naturally regarded by Nasser as the strongest enemies of his so-called Arab Socialism.

The smaller principalities and sheikhdoms of the Arabian Peninsula, even including wealthy Kuwait, will, from Nasser's point of view, fall into place once Saudi Arabia has been taken care of. Jordan and Lebanon are special problems. The former, despite its courageous, astute and resolute king, is the most vulnerable target. Unfortunately undersupplied with natural resources, it has more than it needs in the way of human problems, largely deriving from the East Bank remnants of Arab Palestine and the Palestinian refugees. The Cairo-based PLO, Nasser's propaganda machinery and Syrian terrorists and saboteurs, combine in making Jordan, and King Hussein personally, their principal target.



Lebanon, so often described as the Switzerland of the Middle East, reflects in miniature within its own borders all the ideology and religious conflicts in the Middle East with the exception of the Israeli-Arab one. Politics operate in terms of religious communities—the President, for example, must be Christian, the Prime Minister Moslem. Its commercial interests as well as its internal make-up require neutrality and this has been maintained, in peculiar Lebanese fashion,

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even at the cost of a civil war which was ended only by a Marine landing in 1958. Despite the anomalies which perplex us, Lebanon is a surprisingly solid little country, gifted by nature with beautiful scenery, mountains and beaches, and some very rich agricultural land. Lebanon's shrewd and industrious population is her main resource. Despite their many differences, the people have managed to live together in what is the closest thing to Western-style democracy anywhere to be seen in the area. Lebanon is currently struggling to overcome the aftereffects of the apparent failure of its biggest bank, Intra Bank, which was forced to close its doors last October in the face of massive withdrawals. A full audit, which has yet to be completed, may well show that its long-term assets will suffice to cover its liabilities. It is hoped that the bank can be "refloated" under new management. In any event, the Lebanese can be counted on to work hard and shrewdly to restore confidence in their financial stability and integrity. New banking laws will help to achieve this objective.

The U.S. Policeman

Prospects at any given moment for continued peace and stability in the Middle East are never all that promising. Recent developments, including Israel's raid into Jordan and the continuing violence on the Israeli-Syrian frontier, the Syrian demands on Iraq Petroleum Company (British, French and American-owned) and the violence which is already developing around the prospective British withdrawal from Aden, are not particularly reassuring. To some extent, our role in the Middle East must be that of a policeman and "a policeman's lot is not a 'appy one." It is always easier to make trouble than it is to maintain order, and the Russian hand is accordingly easier to play. We do have a common interest in holding down the arms race in the Middle East, if we can be brought to agree upon this, or at the very least, in preventing the development of nuclear capabilities by either the Israelis or the Arabs.

Recognizing that the continued security of Israel is a major U.S. policy objective, our principal problem in the near future is going to be how we can most effectively help Jordan maintain *its* security and integrity, and what line we can take most effectively to contain the PLO. In coping with these and other problems, there are three main points that we and our government should bear in mind: first, America *has* a stake in the Middle East, a big one; second, whatever has happened to the cold war elsewhere, it is still going strong in the Middle East; and third, in the struggle between revolutionary and evolutionary regimes, a major weapon is the Israeli-Arab conflict. We have not really taken account of that fact and we must.

II

Where the War Might Start

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Tel Katsir, Israel.—Here on the southern end of the Sea of Galilee, the Syrian-held hills rise high above the fields and banana plantations of this Israeli kibbutz—the scene of armed strife. In position on the hills are Syrian tanks and artillery.

Fire incidents and sabotage take place frequently on this 76-kilometer-long border. Syrian-sponsored saboteur units slip across the border here, or move across Jordanian territory to the south, to plant mines or conduct demolitions against pumps and waterlines. These raids and fire incidents have the twofold purpose of forcing Jordan and Egypt into an armed confrontation with Israel and making King Hussein of Jordan appear disloyal to the Arab cause.

Pinprick raids and sporadic battles contain explosive material. The more frequent the border strife, the greater the pressure on Israel to conduct retaliatory operations on a considerable scale. Israeli public opinion will not long tolerate Syria offering terrorists a privileged sanctuary or indulging in graduated pressure against frontier lands. As Syria is heavily armed with Soviet tanks and artillery, any serious Syrian-Israeli military confrontation is likely to escalate into large-scale conflict in the Middle East.

Meanwhile, Israel's defense situation is becoming increasingly critical. Continuing Soviet reinforcement of Egypt and Syria is destroying the strategic balance of forces between Israel and its revolutionary Arab neighbors. While Israel's armed forces have tremendous morale and high operational readiness, the factor of war materiel cannot be dismissed. If Syria and Egypt are convinced that they have the weaponry for a breakthrough against Israel, they could well decide to employ this weaponry.

Israel's military handicaps are topographical and geographical. Here on the Syrian border, the Syrians are in fortifications several hundred meters above the Israelis. They can fire down into Israel. To reply effectively, the Israelis have to use aircraft against the Syrians. Geographically, the handicap consists of the narrowness of much of Israel. North of the Sea of Galilee, the neck of land is only eleven kilometers wide. And north of Tel Aviv, the metropolis on the coast, the country is merely fifteen kilometers in width. Thus Israel has no territorial depth for defense. To defend itself, it must launch an attack against the enemy— an attack which, to be effective, would have to contain the element of surprise. Yet the United Nations condemned Israel for conducting a retaliatory raid last fall. This means that Israel is squeezed diplomatically as well as militarily.

Israel's Future Hazy

The pressure on Israel may be only beginning. At Eilat on an arm of the Red Sea, Israel has built a splendid port that serves as the country's outlet to Africa and Asia. This outlet is the key to Israel's diplomatic offensive in the new nations of Afro-Asia. Developments in Aden and French Somaliland cast a cloud over Israel's future, however. As the British prepare to withdraw from the great air-naval base at Aden, Egypt is making plans to control the area. Nasser already has 40,000 troops in nearby Yemen. Across the Red Sea, pro-

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Communist Somalia is determined to grab French Somaliland. Further, recent troubles in Ethiopian Eritrea point to consolidation of a revolutionary beachhead on the western shore of the Red Sea.

The Israeli fear is that Egypt and Somalia will attempt to close the southern end of the Red Sea to Israel's merchant shipping, as Egypt has done at Suez. If this happened, Israel's development at Eilat, and its opening up of the Negev desert frontier, would be meaningless. Construction has begun at Eilat on a thirty-inch oil pipeline designed to capture much of the oil traffic now using the Suez Canal. Nasser can be expected to work hard against utilization of this pipeline to Ashod on the Mediterranean Sea. In this situation, therefore, is additional prospect for serious strife. No doubt Israel would go to war with Egypt to maintain its right of access into the Red Sea.

Soviets Support Egyptian Units

In this connection, Soviet naval ambitions cannot be ignored. The USSR already has a strong naval task force operating in the Mediterranean as a counter to the U.S. Sixth Fleet. If Egypt gained control of Aden, it might give naval base rights to Soviet fleet units. This would give the Soviets the capability of exerting psycho-political pressure and supporting military operations from the Persian Gulf to the East African coast. They would be in a position to fill the power vacuum in the Indian Ocean. Israel, under these circumstances, might find itself confronting not Egypt alone but Egyptian forces completely meshed with Soviet armed forces. Indeed hundreds of Soviet technicians today support Egyptian armored units east and west of Suez.

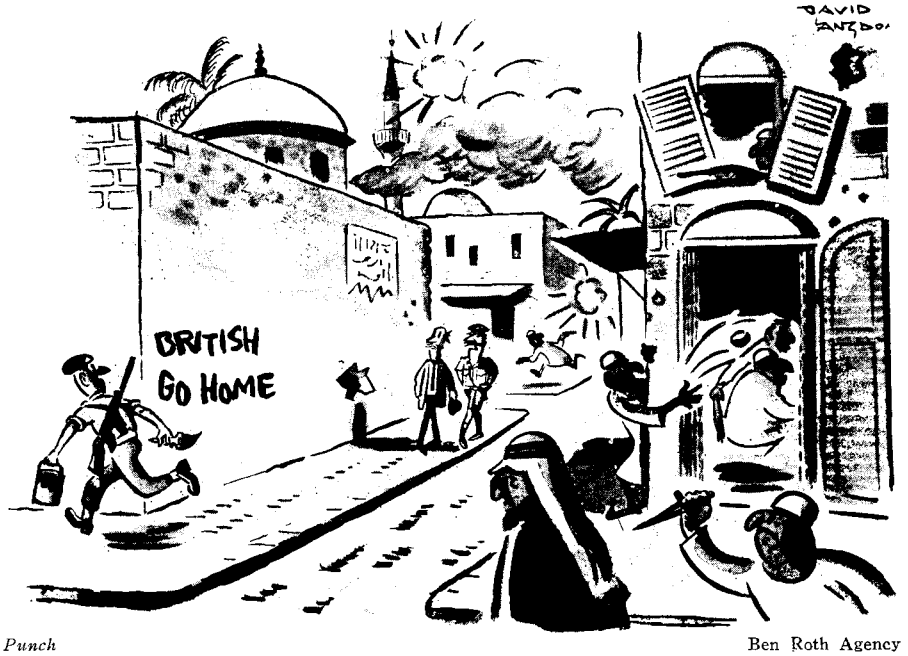
While the U.S. is largely responsible for the existence of the State of Israel, by virtue of President Truman's recognition of its independence, the United States has not faced up to the issue of continuing responsibility for order in the Middle East. Very clearly, the Soviet Union intends a deep and permanent penetration of the Middle East, precisely as the Kaiser's Germany planned the Berlin to Baghdad political link. The Soviet objective is to deny the West access to the energy sources of the region and to obtain for the USSR a staging base for future campaigns designed to secure the mineral resources of south-central Africa.

Thus the tangled web of Middle East history, which reveals the region as having been since the times of the Pharaohs a crossroads and land of buffer states, is becoming even more entwined with complications and dangers. There are no final solutions for so complex an area, but it seems reasonable to judge that, for the short run at least, two actions are necessary: maintenance of the strategic balance between Israel and its neighbors, and denial of Aden to Nasser. Furnishing Israel with additional weapons would be far less costly and complicated than having to respond affirmatively to a future call for Sixth Fleet intervention.

Handling of the Aden situation promises to be much more difficult, but equally necessary. For years, Britain has shouldered the whole responsibility of maintaining stability in the Arabian Peninsula, the Persian Gulf area, and in East Africa. The Britain of Harold Wilson is unwilling to continue this burden. Chances are dim that Britain can be persuaded to remain in Aden even as a guaranteeing force for the South Arabian Federation or the Hadhramauti states to the east. Nor is there any free world power in position now to stabilize the Eritrean coast of Ethiopia, where Castroites are training a revolutionary army, or in the Red Sea Hills region of the Sudan. The 75 miles of rock and sand, which constitute Aden, form the strategic crossroads of the area. If the Egyptians controlled Khormaksar airfield at Aden, their Soviet backers would be able to dominate this vast region—this enormous gap in free world defenses.

For the U.S. to move directly into the Arab world has few precedents, except for the brief Lebanon intervention under President Eisenhower. Yet if Britain refuses to serve as guardian of the South Arabian Federation, the United States has no choice but to accept the responsibility. The assumption here is that the U.S. appreciates the importance of preventing a Soviet takeover of the entire Red Sea-Arabian Peninsula-Persian Gulf region.

The outlook in this part of the world is not attractive for the United States. From the palms and cypresses on the shore of the Sea of Galilee to the volcanic rock of the desert-rimmed Red Sea, dangers are increasing as the Soviet Union and its Arab proxies move to consolidate their power position. ➔



Punch Ben Roth Agency

"As you see, it's all pretty damn confusing."

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III

What's Wrong with Israel?

MAX GELTMAN

Tel Aviv. The three most turbulent events to hit Israel (so far) this year were the border clashes over Lake Kinneret, the arrival and departure of Jean-Paul Sartre, and the weather, which has been foul and unusually cold, the coldest in ten, twenty, thirty years (depending on who's telling it). About the weather one can only grumble and wish it were better (and at this writing, in the sun of a balcony in Tel Aviv, it isn't at all bad). The Syrian rumble will pass and be forgotten by the time this reaches print and other "incidents" will no doubt crop up to make headlines in the world press in an area where the will to peace is on everyone's tongue, yet there is no peace in sight. But the Sartre visit—it was almost a state visit, the "great existentialist and humanist philosopher," as he was dubbed by the local press, was accompanied by Mme. Simone de Beauvoir and his adopted daughter Arlette —helped expose the intellectual schizophrenia which is so visible a part of life in Israel.

Every political party—and there are scads of them in the country—vied for the privilege of honoring the "great humanist" who had come not only to see and judge for himself, but to help in a bit of private propaganda designed to drum up trade for the forthcoming "trial" of Lyndon Johnson as a "war criminal." (A day after President Zalman Shazar went out of his way to greet the distinguished guest and his entourage, a score of ill-kempt young Israelis—not quite so dirty as their counterparts in Washington Square, New York, or Berkeley, California—stationed themselves in front of the American Embassy on Hayarkon Street, chanting such slogans as "Yanks quit Vietnam" and carrying signs reading "We support Sartre's and Russel's Tribunal," and "Jonson's Genoside Must Stop!" It was suggested to me by an old Tel Avivnik that Sartre's adopted daughter must have brought the signs over, since the average Israeli boy or girl can usually read and write acceptable English.)

The local press either saw no connection between the two events or decided to ignore them since, if truth be told, there are few hard-core anti-Americans in Israel. Those who make a living out of it—ideologically—like the leftist Mapam Party do so only to hold on to a political advantage, knowing that both Communist parties, one pro-Arab, the other "pro-Israel," are nothing but Fifth Columns serving the interests of an alien totalitarianism that is inimical to both Moslem and Jew.

Sartre: Kup Mentsch?

On his arrival, Sartre pronounced that he was glad to be in Israel. He added further that here it was possible to call one a Jew without facing the accusation of being an anti-Semite. The papers, the people in the streets, those who knew who he was and those who knew only that here was a *kup mentsch*—a deep thinker—were deeply impressed that the "great philosopher" had come, seen and, having seen, decided it was good. "The great Jean-Paul Sartre approves of us," was the prevailing expression on almost all faces. And everyone felt reassured that maybe this was an omen (after all, everyone knew that Sartre was a great admirer of Nasser's), maybe the Arabs —and their fellow socialists in Syria —would henceforth look kindly upon this strange people with their Western ways in the very heartland of the Middle East. Maybe? But no sooner had Sartre arrived back in Paris than the great existentialist did a complete about-face and said he had been misquoted. Poor Mapam. It tries so hard to be Marxist and Zionist and socialist and all such contradictory things. The *Jerusalem Post* ran a front-page editorial pleading, "Say it ain't so, Jean." Anyhow it titled its editorial "Sartre Recants," and proved the "great humanist" *had* said it and it was heard by eighty journalists and his speech had been taped. "In Israel," Sartre had said, "you can meet free Jews", adding that if allowed to develop in peace and "overcome the obstacles confronting him, (the Israeli) will be the richest man spiritually that history has ever known." These were strange words indeed for a man like Sartre to utter. Now when his friends in Paris got hold of this, the great panjandrum of existentialism who uses words like "spiritually" only when he thinks he is not being heard, said he had not meant it at all. Which may not be far from the truth.

We spoke earlier of the schizophrenia surrounding much of Israel's intellectual life. This is further demonstrated by the fact that the men who govern the country do not even know when they are being insulted. Asked (as he was leaving) whom he held in higher esteem, Nasser or Eshkol, Sartre is quoted as answering that he spent more than three hours with the Egyptian dictator, but only a little over an hour with the Prime Minister of Israel. The Israeli newspapers that reported this somehow felt that he was flattering them. It is worth noting that the German novelist Günter Grass was in Israel during much of the Sartre stay. Grass was officially snubbed by the writers union—for being German! And his comings and goings were just adequately reported, and always to his disadvantage. (Could this have been because he dared state a truth much concealed, from the world and Israeli Jewry, that too often East Germany is treated as a victor nation, nothing demanded by way of reparations from her, not even that she try her war criminals who, as it is well known, occupy high posts in the Communist regime?)

Ten Per Cent Unemployment

The "turbulent" events described above are as nothing compared with the government-inspired depression which affects the lives of every citizen in Israel. Regardless of how much official figures try to deny the reality, at least 10 per cent of the labor force is unemployed. Some say more. In any case, some 100,000 Israelis are not working due to an effort to raise the level of exports; forced wage cuts; lessened work weeks at less pay, and

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mass dismissals. At the same time Israel engages the second largest embassy staff in France and the third largest in England. Its foreign minister travels to the Far East and offers aid which he hasn't got at the same time the young men of Israel—many of them native-born—look for a way out. Some are leaving. Many are disaffected, and intellectuals (outside of government) speak openly of the need for change. A recent manifestation of this is the birth of still another party, split from the electoral bloc made up of the Liberal (General Zionist) and Herut (Nationalist) Parties and known as Gahal. Calling itself the Free Bloc Center, it has three members in the Knesset (Parliament) and seems to be ably led by the non-socialist and popular attorney, Shmuel Tamir. This bloc hopes, together with old Ben Gurion's party (Rafi), to push for new elections based on residential and regional requirements instead of the proportional (party) representation which now prevails. But as one leading editor in Tel Aviv told me, those who occupy the bench and exercise the power that goes with it will never give up the present method of holding elections, which almost automatically guarantees the parties with the most vested interests, in the so-called trade unions or in the *kibbutzim,* a sure victory, come what may.

A word about the *kibbutzim,* or agricultural settlements. They are not, by and large, the utopian institutions a more inspired, if more innocent, back-to-the-land movement had early called forth from the pioneers who settled in Palestine before World War I. They have become—many of them—large industrial combines making furniture and plywood and processing citrus juices, etc., for the world market. And some of them hire outside labor. This has been the most unsettling aspect of their current development. But the *kibbutzim* and the *moshavim* (cooperative but private farm settlements) and the private farmers have proved for all time that the image of the eternal urbanite which has clung to the city-pent Jew for ages need no longer hold true. Even if they haven't made Israel into a land flowing with milk and honey, the Israelis have shown the world that they can farm with the best of them—for the desert does indeed bloom in Israel.

Israel celebrates its majority as a nation in two years, when it will be 21 years old. Can it survive another generation? This is the question uppermost in the minds of the best men Israel has—and they are all, unfortunately, out of government. What will happen, they ask, when Israel's "newer" immigrants, the so-called oriental Jews who now outnumber the "old" settlers, demand their true representation in high places? But these are questions that will not respond to easy answers. Perhaps another time will do.

IV

Who'll End Up Ruling Cyprus?

TOM SAGE

Nicosia. Soon, now, probably in a space of months, America will find another unruly baby has been placed squarely, and perhaps fairly, in her lap. It may be as well to warn you over there that it is a tenacious little beast. Take it from one who has seen and heard it in full cry.

Cyprus, a Mediterranean island of surpassing loveliness, is credited with bestowing on the ancient world three of civilization's amenities: the safety-pin, the cauliflower — and, through the cult of Aphrodite—prostitution. In modern times, revenging herself on statesmen who tried to use her as a pawn in the power game, she has succeeded in giving all and sundry the maximum perplexity, trouble, and expense.

Like other British colonies Cyprus wanted freedom and paid the price in blood to get it. In 1960, over the royal arms on Government House, the flag of an independent republic went up. It bore a stylized olive-branch; for Cyprus, said its orators, was to be a golden bridge of peace 'twixt East and West. But within three years the British troops were back in place, followed by the United Nations, to stave off a full-scale war. The UN force is still there, on Russia's southern doorstep, and Operation Deadlock shows no sign of ever ending.

At a diplomatic party last week a visiting American told me, "Palmerston used to have a gag about the Schleswig-Holstein question. 'Only three men ever understood it. One was Prince Albert, who is dead; the second was a German professor, who went mad. I am the third, and I have forgotten all about it.' That's how I feel about Cyprus."

It may be just as well. Fresh thinking is needed at the Pentagon and

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State Department to grapple with the absurdly baffling problem of half a million people who might live in peace if they were left alone to do it. They never have been, and now that economy is forcing Britain to give up the sovereign bases she retained there when Cyprus became "free," America will have to hold the ring—or face the risk of another Cuba.

American Involvement

A plain man's guide to the Cypriot maze now comes fortunately to hand. Its author, Mr. Robert Stephens, made frequent visits to the island during its tumultuous times. As foreign editor of the London *Observer*, moreover, he sets his study in the framework of world politics and he evaluates U.S. responsibility with a shrewd eye.

At first glance, as he points out, Cyprus would seem to concern only its citizens, but in fact the irreducible minimum of participants is four:

1) The Greek-Cypriots, four-fifths of the population, who regard themselves as Greeks by race, language and religion.

2) The Greeks in Greece who (having already recovered Crete, the Ionian Islands and the Dodecanese from foreign hands), want to annex Cyprus.

3) The Turkish-Cypriots, most of the remaining fifth of the population, descendants of the Turks who captured and ruled the island for 500 slothful years.

4) The modern Turks in Turkey, only forty miles across the sea, who fear a threat to their security if Cyprus becomes a Greek outpost.

Britain came into the picture when Disraeli acquired the island in one of his dazzling real-estate deals: "I give you, Ma'am [he said to Queen Victoria], the key to Western Asia." Hyperbole apart, the British found it a useful staging post for ninety years.

American involvement goes back to President Wilson. After World War I he tried to make Greece accept Cyprus as a prize for fighting on the right side, rather than pursuing her overweening ambitions in mainland Turkey. Unfortunately for all concerned, he failed, but the seed of "self-determination" took deep root. World War II shook up the jigsaw, and during the subsequent cold war Truman pumped vast sums into building up both Greece and Turkey as partners in the Atlantic Alliance; when, in 1955, these allies began their quarrel over Cyprus it was inevitable that America should become chief arbiter.

A few months earlier, Britain had moved her Middle East headquarters back from Egypt to Cyprus, at the same time declaring that the island could, in consequence, "never" hope to shake off colonial rule. This was the signal for a nationalist rising which took the British completely by surprise. It continued for four years.

Front man for the struggle was Boston-educated Archbishop Makarios, a political leader whose wit is matched by his obstinacy, as U.S. diplomats have learned. He chose as field commander George Grivas, a retired officer of the Greek Army, and between them they nullified every effort by 40,000 British troops to eliminate a handful of guerrillas, street-fighters and assassins. Grivas is a pioneer in many forms of ruthless warfare.

While officially neutral and aloof, America intervened behind the scenes of the struggle at every turning point. Strategic interests had to be protected, and this meant making Turkey the pivot of John Foster Dulles's Baghdad Pact—an alliance with Britain, Iran, Iraq and Pakistan, of which Mr. Dulles was honorary colonel and paymaster. At the same time, in Cyprus, the British were raising Turkish-Cypriot levies to hold down the rebellious Greek four-fifths of the population, thus sowing hatred between two communities which had always lived in peace. Every time a Turkish-Cypriot mercenary was shot, strident protests came from Ankara, and soon these changed to claims for the return of the island to Turkish custody, or at least for its partition. Turkish-Cypriot hotheads backed the demand with murderous street riots and America ignored Greek appeals: Greece was an ally, but had nothing like Turkey's strategic value. By 1958, alongside the British army's war against Grivas' guerrillas, a bloody civil war was raging throughout the island.

Then came a revolution in Iraq which removed Baghdad from the Baghdad Pact and presented the specter of a Soviet-controlled Middle East. Quick action prevented it. While British paratroops from Cyprus landed in Jordan, the American army came from Turkey to look after the Lebanon. The success of this move enhanced Turkey's importance even more and won her a $360-million loan. Mellowed by greenbacks, Ankara indulged Dulles and called off the Turkish-Cypriot attacks.

This left the British fighting the Greek-Cypriots in an undisguised civil war while America held off Greek appeals at the United Nations until Dulles, tired of bolstering up a hopeless case, brought all sides to the peace table in February 1959.

A settlement was signed. It left Britain a military toehold, gave the turbulent Turkish-Cypriot minority rights out of all proportion to their numbers, and also brought in Greece and Turkey as guarantors. This explosive mixture was set alight by interracial clashes over Christmas season 1963. America backed a British proposal to send a NATO force in to restore order. Makarios, now President, preferred to put the question in the hands of the UN and Under Secretary George Ball was sent over to change his mind.

Makarios' Stubbornness

We were awaiting Mr. Ball's arrival in Nicosia when a bomb exploded at the U.S. Embassy. Archbishop Makarios hurried over with an apology for "a revolting crime by abominable cowards who want to destroy friendship between our nations" — thus missing, by minutes, Ambassador Fraser Wilkins' arrival with an angry protest at the Presidential Palace. Mr. Wilkins ordered the evacuation of 600 U.S. dependents to put the pressure on.

Mr. Ball arrived grimly determined to bring Makarios into line with Britain, Greece and Turkey, who had already agreed to keep the Cyprus quarrel inside NATO. For three full days, at first with incredulity then with ill-suppressed ire, he tried to beat down the Archbishop's determination to take it to the UN. Then he gave up and left. The Security Council was called to consider the

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dangerous situation in Cyprus, with the Greek-Cypriots mobilizing and the Turkish minority calling for help from the mainland.

America then played a trump. Grivas suddenly emerged from a second retirement in Greece to head a Greek-Cypriot army: the United States had secretly arranged this in the hope that his passionate anti-Communist view would counteract Makarios' readiness to accept support from Russia, if he could find it nowhere else. It did not work out that way. When jets from Turkey joined in the Cyprus fighting with rocket and napalm raids, both Grivas and Makarios welcomed a "hands off" threat from Khrushchev. The decisive factor in staving off the Turkish invasion which would have brought Greece into the war came from the Security Council. It decided at an emergency session to rush in a UN force—the very thing Makarios had been asking for.

Acheson Fans Out, Too

As the fighting died down a new U.S. envoy appeared, with a new plan. But Dean Acheson, for all his polish and experience, had no more luck than Mr. Ball. His remedy for rising fears of Red penetration in Cyprus was nothing less than Enosis —union with Greece—which would put the island under firm NATO control from Athens. Since this was the original aim of the Greek-Cypriot revolt against the British in 1955 the plan appeared to deserve a rapturous reception. But Makarios is a Greek who fears strangers bringing gifts. Finding that Turkish security was to be insured by giving Ankara a base on the island, he rejected it.

The struggle for a solution was now taken up by a diplomat from far-off Ecuador, Don Galo Plaza, who arrived in the mantle of United Nations mediator. His proposals were so ill-received that he retired, hurt, to Quito. The UN force of 7,000 still stands by, and nothing has occurred to advance matters since. A new formula must be found; but where?

Mr. Stephens, in his book *Cyprus: A Place of Arms*, makes a bold and interesting suggestion. He would like to put Cyprus under the protection of the UN as a manpower pool and training center for peacekeeping operations throughout a wide area of the Middle East. The present UN force of Canadians, Irish, Finns, Dutch and British would be the nucleus of a semi-permanent UN "presence," occupying one or both of the big British sovereign bases. By such means Cyprus, when British disengagement is complete, may become an asset to world stability, not another burden on America.

Mr. Stephens feels that although Makarios has never committed himself affirmatively on this point, he would not object to it, provided the other terms were right. It has to be remembered that in any discussion of this problematic island the President's word has almost always proved final. Mr. Stephens, who has met him often, writes:

> Makarios has often been described as "Byzantine," which is presumably intended to be an unflattering attribution of duplicity and devious intrigue. He is certainly a shrewd tactician and a patient bargainer, but the most striking feature of his policies has been their simplicity and consistency of purpose . . . He has never wavered from his conviction that the Greek-Cypriots, whom he represents and who form four-fifths of the population, should have the right freely to decide the kind of government they want and the kind of status the island should have, whether it be independence or Enosis. . .

It is also worth remembering that most Greek Cypriots accept the policy of their leader; for today, as in the past, Makarios is holding down a large Communist Party. If he were removed from the scene it could make a bid for power; but until then fears of a Mediterranean Cuba are unlikely to materialize. Although he has been Archbishop for sixteen years he is only fifty-three—and good for another thirty years, his physician assured me. His prestige is such that no one thinks of challenging him for office. If there is one lesson more important than the rest to be learned from the past it is that this complex, stubborn man cannot be sidestepped, or overridden. He is a specialist, and Cyprus is his subject.

Many Americans on the scene do not believe that Makarios really wants Enosis, union with Greece, the age-old Cypriot dream. They think he would prefer to remain a big frog in a small puddle. Still others suspect him of political ambitions in Greece itself. I recall that when I first met him in 1955 he said that his hope after achieving Enosis was to retire from the scene and devote his life to church reforms. Perhaps he is a man who, on basic issues, means what he says. He has certainly a way of getting just exactly what he wants.

The discussions between Greece and Turkey which have been in progress since last June are now reaching a critical stage. It is more than probable that the fresh outburst of shooting incidents and bomb attacks this past winter was only the prelude to the wider clash that would follow a breakdown in these negotiations. This danger, increasing day by day during Britain's final withdrawal, makes the finding of a solution more than ever a matter of urgency.

Yemen Is In Arabia

Remember the days when Pablo Casals,
Robert Frost, Sinatra, and all the dolls
Would meet in the Blue Room, casually,
For a chat with Jacqueline Kennedy?
Golly, what cultural times we had!
But do you remember the day when Dad
Informed the Imam of Yemen that
He flopped, as a regular Democrat?
In '62, the royalists got
The boot from the king of Camelot,
And, O, what a mess we're in today.
And, O, what a mess for LBJ.

W. H. von Dreele

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Why Our Paper Died

Greed and bad management combined to kill the World Journal Tribune. Here, its former day city editor analyzes just what went wrong

GEORGE MERLIS

Eight months after it began publishing, the *World Journal Tribune,* the dominant afternoon newspaper in New York City, died. The announcement was made to members of the editorial staff in the sixth floor newsroom at 10 A.M., on Friday, May 5. On other floors at the same time, foremen were calling together the employees of the mechanical departments to give them the bad news.

The blow wiped out 2,600 jobs and removed a $65-million-a-year enterprise from the New York metropolitan area. Worse than that, it reduced to three the number of major daily newspapers in the country's largest city. Slightly more than a year ago, there were six papers in New York.

The *World Journal Tribune* was born out of the strikes and spiraling costs that have plagued New York's publishers for ten years. Ironically, its birth was greeted with a 140-day strike—a record-breaking strike for the industry—and it died amid rumblings of more labor trouble.

What killed the *World Journal Tribune* was greed and bad management. Greed on the part of the mechanical and industrial unions which should have recognized the impossibility of the newspaper's position, and bad management from a troika of publishers who had lost fortunes for decades. Given the combination, the *World Journal Tribune* was doomed from the start; it could never have been made to show a profit.

The signal to both unions and management should have been the death, during the 140-day merger strike, of the *Herald Tribune.* The management had hoped to publish both a morning and an afternoon newspaper, but once the strike had dragged on for four months, it was decided that the *Herald Tribune* could never again regain even the meager hold on life it had before the merger announcement.

The *World Journal Tribune* died with a weekday circulation of 700,000, the third largest afternoon newspaper in the country. It was losing money at the rate of $700,000 a month—a dollar a reader. On Sunday the circulation was 900,000. The Sunday paper probably contributed heavily to the $700,000-a-month loss despite its huge circulation; there was virtually no advertising in it and mechanically it cost more to produce than the two competing Sunday papers, the *Times* and *News.*

The owners of the *World Journal Tribune* might have been willing to give their infant enterprise a year or two more because the prospects, with circulation continually growing, were not all bleak. But then, this month, they realized that there was about to be an intolerable escalation in production costs, and they threw in their cards rather than risk the extra money that might—or might not—have made the *WJT* a self-sustaining operation.

Wages Up 21 Per Cent

The straw that broke the backers' backs was the contract the *Daily News* signed with the Printers Union. It was a three-year contract, the first such pact in recent newspaper labor history (previously newspaper labor contracts ran two years) and at first it appeared to grant the new paper a period of guaranteed peace in which to find its place in the publishing scene.

But the cost of the contract was formidable—wages went up 21 per cent. And there were nine more unions waiting in the wings, anxious to get the same package. The total cost to the *WJT* of the new contracts to all ten unions would be $10 million over three years.

And not a cent of the money would be returned in higher productivity. Automation was not considered in the new contract with the printers. There were to be no pre-punched tapes feeding linotype machines. No technological advances were to be allowed into New York's composing and press rooms, which contain exactly the same equipment today they contained twenty and thirty years ago.

In addition to the cost of continuing in business, a cost which would have had to be absorbed by the publishers or the advertisers (and the *World Journal Tribune*'s advertisers were already paying more per thousand than they were paying in New York's other dailies), the new contract made it more expensive to go out of business. Because the printers won from the *Daily News* a commitment to increase severance pay from three weeks' pay per man to eight weeks' pay per man, shutting down after operating under the new contracts would have cost the *WJT* an added $10 million, bringing the cost of folding to $18 million. They had already had one bad experience with severance payments. When they merged they had to pay out $7 million to the employees of the three predecessor papers who were not retained.

After the shutdown was announced, Bertram Powers of the Printers Union said he would have listened to the publishers' plea for a less costly contract. But a week earlier, when asked what would happen if the *WJT* could not meet the *News* contract, he had answered, "They'll have to pay or shut down."

Management, for its part, waited too long to make a decision. It could have eliminated the costly Sunday paper months earlier, and would have avoided the threat of increased severance under new contracts. Such a move wouldn't have helped the *WJT*'s prestige, but it might well have aided the balance sheet.

Management also might have re-

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membered the old newspaperman's rule that the product on the newsstand is the best advertisement. Instead, they plowed about $750,000 a month into television, radio and subway advertising during the last three months of production. To spend that kind of money on promotion when you are losing $700,000 a month seems at best foolish.

Management might also have considered suspending part of the Sunday paper. Clay Felker's attractive *New York Magazine* and *Book Week*, the book review section, were very costly to produce, losing well over $15,000 a week. Dropping or seriously changing them might have meant a decline in readership for the Sunday paper, but the readership on Sunday had never brought in advertisements.

Special Handicaps

In a last-ditch attempt to cut costs and save the paper, editor Frank Conniff was asked to cut the editorial budget by $1 million. He said he could not. It wouldn't have mattered much anyway; the editorial budget of $10 million was only a small part of the *WJT's* total $65-million budget. It was in other departments that economies should have been effected, in mechanical departments where men were still doing jobs that could have been done more quickly and economically by machines.

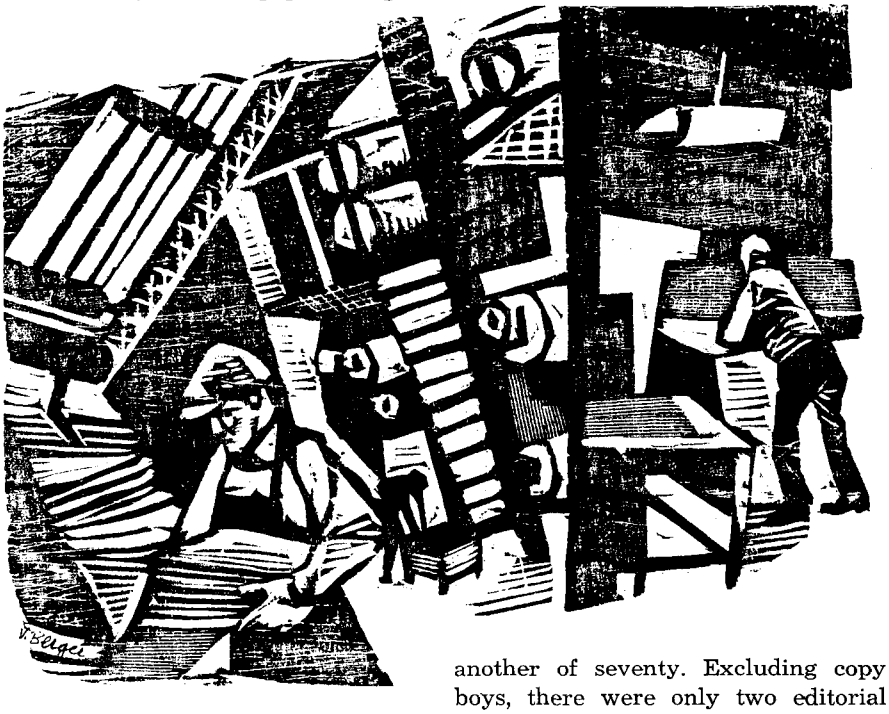
Despite this, management seemed uninterested in the capital investment required for automation. Perhaps it thought the new venture would show a profit in a single year and the publishers would be able to plow the profit back into capital improvements.

Added to the usual handicaps of publishing an afternoon newspaper in New York (demand is for late editions and that means bucking heavy traffic in the late afternoon and running into pressroom and driver overtime almost every day), the *World Journal Tribune* faced a number of individual handicaps.

For one thing, it was more expensive to produce the Sunday paper than it was for the *Times* and *News* to produce theirs (the *Post* does not publish on Sunday). The contracts ending the *WJT*'s birth strike cut half an hour from the Saturday night work day, virtually assuring all mechanical union members of more overtime than their counterparts received on the other papers.

In addition, the presses weren't fast enough for the daily's needs. They were rated at 55,000 papers an hour, but they could not be run at much more than 35,000 an hour because they were seated on unstable, wet ground, not on solid rock. As a result the end of the each weekday saw the presses running continually, but not at top speed, and the trucks waiting, wasting precious minutes.

There is a good deal of informed speculation about the number of papers the *WJT* might have been able to sell if it had been able to print more. The consensus is that another 50,000 to 75,000 late papers might have found buyers. The added circulation alone, of course, would not have solved the paper's financial problems. More revenue would have been needed. It might have followed increased readership, or it might not.



There were other handicaps peculiar to the *WJT*. The Newspaper Guild won the birth strike and forced management to hire commercial and editorial employees on the basis of seniority. In the editorial department, the Guild insisted on pooling three distinct categories of workers into one. These were the rewrite men, who write stories using information telephoned in by reporters; copy editors, who correct stories and write headlines, and desk men, who assign stories and draw up page dummies. A man skilled in one is not necessarily good in another. And copy editors tend to be older than rewrite men.

When the senior men were drawn from the single category the *World Journal Tribune* wound up with a lot of older copy editors, few rewrite men—and they are the backbone of an afternoon paper—and almost no desk men. To staff the city desk, management had to salvage a few union-exempt titles from the *Herald Tribune* and give them to the assistant city editors.

When the *World Journal Tribune* began publishing, the average age in the news room was forty-seven. There was one reporter of seventy-eight and another of seventy. Excluding copy boys, there were only two editorial employees under thirty and both of them were on the city desk and were to have been doomed by the union's seniority rule. Despite the age of the staff, it worked hard. The more eager reporters made up for the others. Almost everyone wanted to make the paper a success.

While the strict seniority rule resulted in some hardships to some members of the news staff, it resulted in a disaster in the advertising department.

There had been a lot of deadwood in the advertising departments of the predecessor papers. Management tried to clear it out, sending letters to men it didn't want, telling them

(Continued on p. 603)

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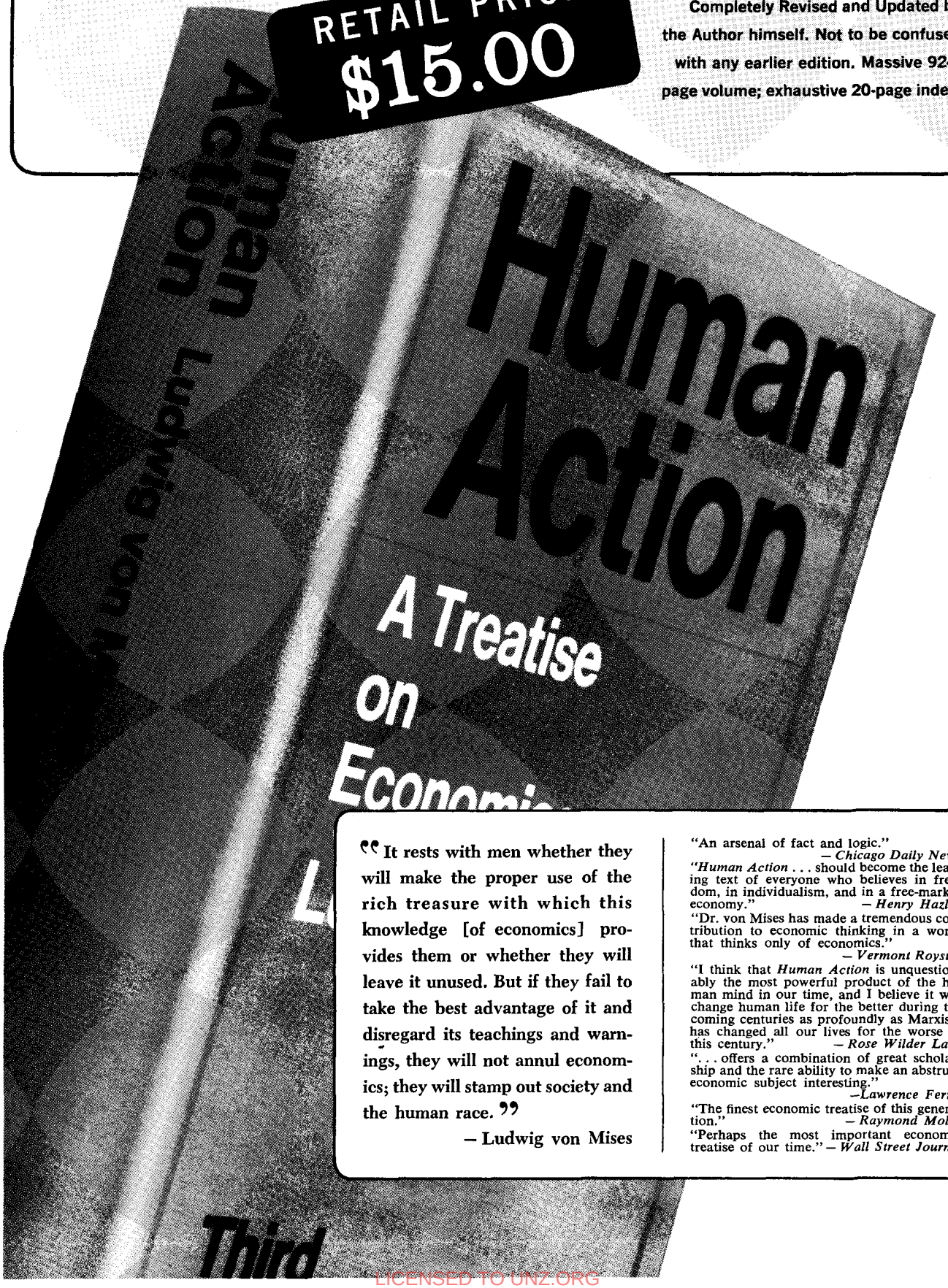

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VOL. CXVI ... No. 39,938 NEW YORK, TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1967 10 CENTS

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Viet Situation Worsens: Saigon Pullout Rumored As Anti-Ky Riots Spread

RFK TO MAKE WHITE HOUSE RACE IN 1968

Says Country Has Strayed From Slain JFK's Goals At Home and Abroad

RAPS JOHNSON IMAGE

May Run on Third-Party Ticket if Democrats Name LBJ in July

NEW YORK, May 30—Putting an end to months of contradictory rumors, Senator Robert F. Kennedy declared yesterday afternoon that he will enter the 1968 Presidential race.

Glancing occasionally at a handwritten text, Senator Kennedy spoke in moving accents to a press conference assembled in his United Nations Plaza apartment.

"I feel I would be dishonoring my brother's memory if I failed to face this challenge," he said.

Senator Kennedy was seated on a large sofa overlooking the UN Secretariat building and the East River. With him were his brother, Massachusetts Senator Ed-

HELD BY NORTH VIETNAMESE: Four American servicemen captured near the Demilitarized Zone are now being held, with hundreds of others, in a detention camp in North Vietnam (Wide World Photo).

EXPECT BOSCH RETURN TODAY

Triumphant Constitutionalists Are Mopping Up Last Diehards In Dominican Republic

SANTO DOMINGO, May 29—Former President Juan Bosch, the only man in Dominican history to be voted into office by an honestly conducted democratic election, is expected to reach here some time within the next 24 hours to assume the chairmanship of the Popular

DEATH TOLL IN RHODESIA CUT TO 1,700

SALISBURY, Rhodesia, May 29 (UPI)—Unofficial reports from the field indicate that at least 1,700 white settlers were executed last week when the ragged troops of the army of the Organization of African Unity swept across the Zambian border in a pre-dawn sweep.

Earlier figures had indicated at least 5,000 whites might have died in the initial attack, but these have been denied by Prime Minister Ian

RENEWALISTS HOLD CAPITAL, HUNT PREMIER

Red and Saffron Armbands Seen Symbols of Long-Awaited Unity for All Vietnam

SAIGON, May 30 (UPI)—With its local forces firmly in control of Hue, the Cultural Renewal Committee, as the new anti-Ky movement calls itself, is shifting major attention to Saigon.

The general strike called in the capital three days ago has now spread from factories and shops to government departments. Private and public business is at a standstill.

Renewal Committee members, with their red and saffron armbands, appear among the crowds of striking workers to introduce order and direction. Huge placards with

Deterioration Seen Helping Drive To Impeach Johnson

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, May 29 — A move to impeach President Lyndon B. Johnson may have gained impetus from today's newest reversals in Vietnam.

Rep. George E. Brown, Jr. (D., Calif.), initiator of the impeachment attempt, said late this afternoon he has "a lot of Congressmen now."

Rep. Brown's bill of impeachment had previously been given little hope of success.

Under the U.S. Constitution, the House of Representatives formulates impeachment charges. The Senate then tries them, acting as a court with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court presiding.

Senate Will Act Quickly

Sen. Wayne Morse (D., Ore.), a long-time foe of President Johnson's war policies, told reporters the Senate would act "quickly and fairly" when and

V.C. SABOTAGE SLOWS RELIEF OF U.S. TROOPS

Foe Said to Reject Cease-Fire, Demand Full Asian Pullout; Westmoreland Unheard From

Special to The New York Times

SAIGON, May 30—A spokesman for the U.S. military command admitted last night that the U.S. military position in Vietnam is rapidly becoming untenable.

The South Vietnamese army has already disintegrated beyond repair. In many South Vietnamese regiments the soldiers have unfurled National Liberation Front banners after shooting their officers. In some cases the officers themselves have taken the lead in mass desertions to the Vietcong.

A political warfare expert formerly attached to Ambas-

"The Truth Must Be Told"

"At home as in Vietnam, we Americans have got far off the course President Kennedy charted for us," the New York Senator said. "The truth must be told. Lyndon Johnson does not and cannot represent the hopes and aspirations of the youth of this country and of the world."

Senator Kennedy refused to be drawn out on whether he would run as a third-party candidate if Mr. Johnson is endorsed by the Democrats. "Like all my family, I am a loyal Democrat," he said. "In every state the members of the Democratic Party will be given a chance to decide whether they agree with me that we must go forward, not back."

Mrs. Kennedy, dressed in a

Continued on P. 16, Col. 1

Papal Encyclical Abandons 1870's Infallibility Rule

Special to The New York Times

VATICAN CITY, May 29—After months of deliberation, Pope Paul VI has announced that the concept of papal infallibility is no longer a part of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church.

Henceforward Catholics may believe or not believe, as their consciences dictate, any of the Pope's instructions in the fields of religion and morals.

In an encyclical, "Nostra Maxima Culpa," the Pope explained that the declaration by Vatican I in 1870 of papal infallibility was understandable in its historical context, but that modern times "permit us to view and interpret the authority of the magisterium in a modern light."

The Pope cited recent works by Gunnar Myrdal, Teilhard de Chardin, and Marshal McLuhan in passages explaining his

Continued on P. 28, Col. 3

Malaga. He is believed to be proceeding here by an indirect route, in order to throw General Wessin y Wessin's gunmen off his track.

The PDC is meanwhile cleaning up the last pockets of diehard resistance to the triumphant uprising that has finally broken the back of the Dominican Republic's traditional militarist - reactionary caste.

(The overthrown President, Joaquin Balaguer, was reported seen in the Lisbon airport, possibly on his way to an exile retreat in Angola.

(It was a U.S. aircraft, believed to be a jet belonging the one of the major U.S. corporations, on which Señor Balaguer made his escape only minutes ahead of the contingent sent by the PDC to arrest him.)

Popular Unity

What most impresses veteran Caribbean reporters here is the spontaneous unity displayed by all sections of the population. On the revolutionary tribunals that have been set up to deal with intransigent old-guard officers and oligarchs, Constitutionalists, Peking and Moscow Communists, Socialists, members of Dr. Bosch's old Popular Revolutionary Party and liberals of all sorts sit side by side, and find no difficulty in reaching unanimous decisions. The PDC, likewise, is made up of all political elements apart from the militarists and reactionaries.

This broad unity of the population is the best refutation of the charge that the PDC movement is "Communist-inspired" or "Communist-dominated," according to veteran observers of Latin American politics.

Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., White House aide in the Kennedy administration and an old friend and associate of Dr. Bosch, was asked to comment on the latest developments.

"The Dominican people," he stated, "under Bosch's leader-

Continued on P. 8, Col. 1

six days since the invasion has been given permission to join Rhodesia's small but highly trained army in the field.

How many black Rhodesians died no one seems to know. Wounded refugees arriving in Salisbury by Red Cross helicopters report the invaders burned a number of native villages as well as attacking white-owned tobacco plantations.

Radio Lusaka claims that a motorized unit of the OAU army has pierced to within fifteen miles northeast of Salisbury in the Bindura area, but there has been no sound of artillery fire here.

Security Council

In New York, United Nations Secretary General U Thant called an emergency meeting of the Security Council at the request of British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, but Soviet UN ambassador Federenko told the press that

Continued on P. 6, Col. 2

red and saffron color combination is a symbol of Vietnam's future happiness, to be achieved through the union of Communism and Buddhism, and that they owe their success to "the international bond among peaceloving men all over the world."

The Presidential Palace is under virtual twenty-four hour siege by a vast throng that has so far been held back more by the highly disciplined Renewal Committee representatives than by the guards, most of whom have already deserted.

Premier Ky Flees

It is now known, however, that Marshal Ky — who is a skilled pilot—managed to slip out to an air field where he was given a U.S. plane to fly to Formosa. No word has come from Taiwan on whether he arrived safely.

Observers are struck by the fact that the younger

Continued on P. 14, Col. 1

FBI Rocked: Hoover Resigns; Typewriter Forger Confesses

Long-Time Chief Quits In Wake of Scandal

WASHINGTON, May 29 (AP) —J. Edgar Hoover submitted his resignation as director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation late last night.

A White House spokesman said President Johnson had accepted the resignation, but would not comment further.

Hoover has been in a Washington hospital since his arrest Friday on a morals charge.

Hospital officials refused to release details on his condition, beyond saying that he is resting comfortably.

No successor has been appointed to replace Hoover, who had run the FBI with an iron hand since the 1920s. He

Continued on P. 4, Col. 2

Ex-Agent Built Machine That Convicted Hiss

BOSTON, May 29 (UPI)—The controversial Hiss-Chambers case took a dramatic new turn today when a former FBI agent confessed that he forged the Woodstock typewriter which was used to convict Alger Hiss of perjury.

The ex-agent, Howard Bolger, 67, confessed to reporters from a Boston newspaper.

He said he had remained silent for almost 20 years out of fear of reprisals from his former boss, J. Edgar Hoover, who resigned as FBI director hours before Bolger volunteered his story.

Bolger said he duplicated Hiss' Woodstock typewriter on "direct orders" from Hoover, and that his

Continued on P. 4, Col. 3

would approach the proceedings as "a sad duty,

Continued on P. 16, Col. 5

WALLACE FATE REMAINS DARK

Negro Militants Still In Full Control of Selma

MONTGOMERY, Ala., May 30 (AP)—Speculation on the fate of former Alabama Gov. George C. Wallace mounted in the early hours of this morning as the blockade of Dallas County by Black Panther militants continued.

Wallace, an arch-foe of racial integration, went last night to the Dallas County seat of Selma, 50 miles west of here, to address a Ku Klux Klan rally.

At midnight, Negroes wearing Black Panther armbands and carrying small arms blockaded all highways leading into the county. Fragmentary reports indicate that they have also taken over the telephone exchange and Selma's white-owned radio station, thus cutting all communications.

Fears for Wallace's safety were aroused when a Black Panther official at a county-line barricade shouted, "We've got the Fascist Wallace and we know what to do with him!"

State highway patrolmen and lawmen from neighboring counties attacked the barricades several times last night, but were turned away by withering machine gun fire.

May Call Guard

Mrs. George Wallace, Alabama's Governor, is rumored ready to call out the National Guard.

Visibly upset, she called the uprising "obviously a carefully planned thing," and noted

Continued on P. 9, Col. 4

cong and North Vietnamese formations were spotted in Zone II and at the Demilitarized Zone, the U.S. command believed the chance had come to deliver a crushing blow. After major U.S. units were concentrated for all-out attacks, the Vietcong ordered a general uprising and the Americans were caught off base.

Saigon Being Evacuated

Although the Pentagon and White House have refused to comment on the latest developments, it is rumored here that evacuation has already begun.

The French ambassador in Hanoi is said to be acting as intermediary for the White House in secret negotiations for a cease-fire on the condition that all U.S. personnel will be pulled out of South Vietnam by June 30. Ho Chi Minh has so far refused to agree to the cease-fire. He insists that any agreement must provide also for U.S. withdrawal from Thailand and Laos.

Reinforcement and supply of the entrapped U.S. units have been made almost impossible by the mass sabotage of helicopters carried out two nights ago, which rendered 80 per cent of the aircraft inoperative.

Westmoreland Feared For

It is now three days since Gen. William C. Westmoreland, commander of U.S. forces in Vietnam, has been heard from. It is believed that he and his entire staff have been either wiped out or captured.

Lending credence to the capture theory is the rumor being spread by Vietcong sympathizers that an interview with Gen. Westmoreland has been taped and will be broadcast within a day or two.

One informant told this correspondent that in the broadcast Gen. Westmoreland will declare that "the war is lost," and will urge the President to accept any terms that will

Continued on P. 14, Col. 3

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GEN. SUHARTO AFFIRMS ROLE OF SOCIALISM

Will Nationalize Foreign Firms As Nation Turns from West; Sukarno Return Rumored

Special to The New York Times

JAKARTA, May 29 — General Suharto announced that Indonesia will "resume her march toward Socialism" in an impassioned speech today to the National Assembly following two weeks of rioting in central Javanese cities that threatened his control of Indonesia's largest and richest island.

In what appears to be a dramatic reversal of his pro-Western and pro-free enterprise program of recent months, Suharto condemned the rioters as "tools of Western imperialism" and demanded the immediate re-nationalization of American, British and Dutch oil refineries and installations.

"The national integrity of Indonesia has been challenged," Suharto told the deputies, "and we will take what steps we deem necessary to insure our right to self-determination."

TOKYO, May 30 (AP) — Former President Sukarno of Indonesia could not be reached for comment at the suburban villa outside Tokyo which he has occupied since leaving Jakarta fourteen months ago. Reports appearing in the Indonesian press that Sukarno has returned to Indonesia and is now in hiding near Jakarta, could not be confirmed.

Malaysian Chief Says East Wind

ANNOUNCES VICTORY: Dr. Mario Savio read the statement of the University of California Regents announcing full student control of the Berkeley campus to a crowd of supporters yesterday (Wide World Photo).

Regents Hand Over Campus to Students in California

Special to The New York Times

SACRAMENTO, May 30—Mario Savio, chairman of the Berkeley Revolutionary Committee, announced today that the regents of the University of California had accepted the Committee's proposals for a new student-faculty administration at the University of California in Berkeley.

The proposals will go into effect with the start of the summer term.

Committee cadres at the other eight campuses of the University are expected to initiate student-faculty control in September, Dr. Savio said.

Students to Decide

Under the new plan, students will have the power of decision on courses, teachers and textbooks as well as in the Board of Regents at his side, as television cameras rolled and photographers' flashbulbs popped.

In answer to a question, Dr. Savio said that he had declined an offer to become chancellor of the statewide university. "I'm flattered," he said, "but at the same time there are movements on other campuses in other states where I think I could be more useful. This could take hold on the national level."

(The full text of Dr. Savio's remarks appears on p. 18 of this edition.)

Meanwhile, on the Berkeley campus, student rebels announced they had reached an agreement with police to surrender control of administrative and residential quarters

Franco's Assassin

Dr. Jésus de Galíndez

Like Jacques Mornard, Leon Trotsky's assassin, Dr. Jesús Galíndez, had lived in total obscurity, lived a non-life, for a dozen years before his dramatic appearance outside the Valle de los Caídos yesterday when he fired the shot that pierced Generalissimo Franco's heart and brought to a bloody end a regime that was born in blood 36 years before.

The Guardia Civil shot Galíndez down on the spot, riddling his body with more than 40 rifle and machine gun bullets. But Spanish authorities have since traced his movements and disclosed that Galíndez had been living at the Salamanca home of Senora Paquita Morales, mother of a Catalán anarchist executed during the Civil War, since August of 1957, some six months after he walked out of his Riverside Drive apartment in New York City on March 12, 1956 and disappeared from the face of the earth.

Man in the News

Thought Killed by Trujillo

At that time it was widely believed that the Dominican tyrant, Generalissimo Trujillo, had ordered Galíndez's execution in revenge for a highly critical dissertation the New York University professor had written about Trujillo's brutal and corrupt regime. Whether he was killed on the spot and his weighted body dropped into one of New York's rivers or whether, as many believed, Professor Galíndez had been spirited out of the States and flown to the Dominican Republic aboard a light private plane piloted by American soldier of fortune Gerald Murphy, had been widely debated for years. A Commission headed by the noted civil rights lawyer Morris Ernst actually

"...lived a non-life for a dozen years..."

ernment in exile and had, it was reported, decamped with several hundred thousand dollars of the funds of the CD-SG was also discounted. It was universally recognized that Trujillo lobbyists were very active in the United States, particularly in Washington, and that they were well equipped to place defamatory stories of this sort with the more sensationalist members of the press.

Route to Spain Traced

How Galíndez reached Spain is not altogether certain although one report which has an authentic ring to it indicates that Galíndez was driven to Canada the afternoon of the day he disappeared and that that night—before the alarm was out—he flew under an assumed name to Mexico City, at that time the headquarters for the international Communist enterprise in the Western Hemisphere. According to this report, he was then flown to Czechoslovakia from which he made his way to Spain to wait patiently for his rendezvous with destiny twelve years later on a barren windswept mountainside

FEDERAL CURB DEMANDED ON BIG BUSINESS

Widespread Abuses Make Step Necessary, Says Senate Panel after Probe

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, May 29.—A subcommittee of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee recommended today that major U.S. corporations be placed under federal regulation as public utilities.

Acting in the wake of public disclosure last week of collusion, price fixing, and racial bias in hiring practices of such major firms as General Motors, Du Pont, Standard Oil of New Jersey, American Telephone & Telegraph, and Cudahy Packing, the Senate Free Enterprise Subcommittee voted unanimously to put an end to corporate corruption by placing major blue-chip enterprises under federal supervision.

Public Antipathy Seen

Sen. Lowell Thomas Jr. (R., Alaska), ranking subcommittee minority member, explained the decision: "It was felt that this was in the best interests of free enterprise broadly conceived. Left to their own devices, the big businesses would create such public antipathy that there would be a groundswell for outright nationalization.

"The Free Enterprise Subcommittee has recommended to the Internal Security Subcommittee that this would be an un-American development. In order to stay within the American tradition of free enterprise, we have urged that the corporations not be nationalized, but instead that

spoken Premier, Tungku Abdul Rahman, today called on Southeast Asian leaders to join him in a basic reappraisal of the outlook for their region.

Speaking at an official luncheon welcoming the Chinese trade delegation that arrived here from Peking yesterday, the Tungku stressed what he termed "the collapse" of the American position in Vietnam.

The statement completed what most observers believe is a major reversal in Malaysia's relations with the West.

"East Wind" Prevails

"Mao Tse-tung was correct," the Tungku said, "in predicting that the East Wind would prevail over the West Wind. If we don't want to risk foundering, we must trim our sails accordingly. From now on our political and economic policies must assume that in this region Western influence is a relic of the colonial past."

The head of the Chinese delegation, Lao Fi-jen, deputy Economics Minister in the Peking government, congratulated the Tungku for "the clear-sighted realism" with which he had summed up the new situation, and proposed a toast to "Asia for the Asians."

Minister Lao remarked to reporters after the luncheon that the delegation was planning a three-day stop at Tokyo on its return journey.

It is expected that the trade agreement which will be signed in the next day or two will contain provisions anticipating the early establishment of an East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere.

Actors' Homes Gutted

LOS ANGELES, May 30 (AP) —Fire last night swept portions of Beverly Hills, completely destroying the homes of John Wayne, Raymond Burr, James Stewart, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Morrie Ryskind.

be elected by the students.

Flushed and beaming, Dr. Savio appeared on the statehouse steps with members of

for the summer recess. Among those arrested were Bettina

Continued on P. 22, Col. 3

Speakers Fear New Nazi Threat

Special to The New York Times

NEW YORK, May 30—Two noted authorities on German affairs told a capacity audience at the City College of New York last night that neo-Nazism is now "indisputably" the dominant political force in West Germany.

James P. Warburg, the author, said that Monday's state elections showed "a clear threat of an imminent return, on the part of the German people, to the bloody barbarism of the Hitler era."

His views were seconded by Telford Taylor, who served as U.S. counsel at the Nuremberg trials in 1948.

"We've seen it coming and now let's face it," said Mr. Taylor. "The Fourth Reich is here."

See New Terror

Mr. Warburg said he based his impressions on talks with West and East German political leaders and on eyewitness accounts of street disturbances which broke out in Lower Saxony as the National Democratic Party rolled up majorities in eight out of ten state parliaments.

"These incidents are all too obviously the prelude to another Kristallnacht," Mr. Warburg said. "From here it is only a few steps to the mass arrests, the deportations, and the gas chambers."

("Kristallnacht" refers to the wholesale destruction and looting of Jewish-owned businesses carried out in Berlin on the night of Nov. 9-10, 1938 by gangs of Nazi toughs.)

Mr. Taylor spoke as chairman of the newly-formed Committee to Invoke Sanctions Against West Germany. The Committee, founded at Harvard on Tuesday, already has fifteen chapters across the country, he said, an announcement greeted by a standing ovation from the audience.

SAYS NAZISM LIVES: James P. Warburg is shown addressing a capacity crowd at City College, where he warned of a new Fascist era in Germany (Wide World Photo).

Warns of Appeasement

But the atmosphere in the auditorium grew hushed and solemn as Mr. Taylor implored his listeners not to forget "the lesson of Munich." "Appeasement," he said, "can never be the answer."

(At Munich in 1939 the British Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, signed a non-aggression pact with Hitler which in the opinion of most historians contributed significantly to the strengthening of the Nazi war machine.)

The two men were among a number of speakers who addressed City College students and faculty members as part of a series of day-long "Sit-Ins on the German Question."

Campus organizers said the purpose of the sit-ins was to stimulate free discussion and evaluation of the political situation in West Germany. Other speakers in the series are Dore Schary, Judge Michael A. Musmanno, and Max Lerner.

Envoys Deny Brownshirt Story

WASHINGTON, May 29 (AP) —The West German Embassy today issued a denial of reports that neo-Nazi elements have adopted the uniform of Hitlers dreaded "brownshirts," or SA men.

("SA" is an abbreviation of the German word "Sturmabteilung," or "Storm Unit".)

The reports were published in a copyrighted story by Drew Pearson, a columnist famous for his exposés of malfeasance in high places.

West German representatives denounced Pearson's story as "sheer fiction," and noted that the wearing of Nazi uniforms and display of the swastika flag are illegal in their country.

Pearson declined to comment on the representatives' charge.

Katherine Graham, publisher of The Washington Post, Mr. Pearson's journalistic home base, said she would "stick by whatever Mr. Pearson says."

The Pearson story also drew comments from a State Department official, who asked that his name not be used.

"If there's anything at all to this," he said, "we'll certainly have to reappraise our whole approach to Germany." He declined to elaborate.

Observers here feel it is significant that the West German embassy refused to deny

Continued on P. 17, Col. 6

the Ernst Report that Galíndez had at one time been the paymaster for a Basque gov-

bodyguards did their job too well.

'NO' TO NATO EXPECTED IN REFERENDUM

Belgians Vote Tomorrow; Result Seems Sure

Special to The New York Times

BRUSSELS, May 29 — Thousands of workers today joined the students who have been demonstrating non-stop for the past week in support of tomorrow's referendum vote on expelling NATO from Belgian territory.

Signs in both French and Flemish featured the message, "SAY NO TO NATO!"

Experienced observers predict that the referendum will carry by an overwhelming margin. When the well-known financial newspaper, "L'Aprés-Midi," published a pro-NATO editorial last week, it was denounced in the progressive press the next day as "a CIA mouthpiece."

When the Assembly decided on the referendum, some members of the Government at first took an ambiguous stand. The Minister of Finance began a speech allegedly proving that NATO's withdrawal would mean a direct annual loss to Belgium of $30 million. He was howled down before he could finish.

The leader of the Socialist parliamentary caucus, Sylvain Verlaengen, rising on a point of personal privilege, demanded to know "whether Belgium's honor was to be sold for thirty pieces of silver," and added derisively, hurling on the floor of the Chamber a pocketful of the new U.S. sandwich quarters, "imitation silver, moreover."

garded the autonomy of U.S. corporations as a potential divisive force, is expected to act swiftly on the subcommittee recommendation.

Following that action, the proposal will go to the parent, or grandparent, committee, the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Knowledgeable observers have been calling for similar action for many years. The problem of U.S. corporations was first identified by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, the social critics. Norman Thomas, six-time Presidential nominee of the Socialist Party, has frequently voiced a popular suspicion of the activities of American big business. The late John Maynard Keynes proposed a more subtle form of regulation, through monetary policy. President John F. Kennedy favored direct Presidential intervention in steel prices. Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, the widow of the late President,

Continued on P. 48, Col. 3

Welch Still Mum On HUAC Links

BOSTON, May 29 (AP)—Robert Welch emerged today from 48 hours of seclusion in his luxurious suburban home, but shunned newsmen and refused to answer questions concerning the financial relation of his John Birch Society to the controversial House Un-American Activities Committee.

"Ramparts" magazine reported in its June issue that the Birch Society, largest extremist group in the country, had received upwards of $500,000 from the House Committee.

The Committee's chairman, Rep. Edwin Willis (D., La) yesterday admitted that it had transferred funds to the Society. While conceding that the payments "may have been a little bit irregular," he insisted that they were for "legitimate research" into alleged Communist activities.

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POLICE IRATE OVER CHARGES OF BRUTALITY

But Douglas Stands By Commission's Report; Urges Gun Curb

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, May 30 — Police officials from every major city of the United States met here today to discuss the explosive findings of the Special Presidential Commission on Riots, Demonstrations and Police Brutality.

The bi-partisan Commission of distinguished jurists, headed by former Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, reported to the President last week that it had authenticated 6,284 cases of police brutality out of the nearly 20,000 investigated.

Most of the accusations of brutality grew out of tactics used by National Guardsmen and state and municipal police officers to dispel civil rights marches and peace demonstrations in recent months.

In the press conference following the Commission's report, Justice Douglas warned that unchecked police power could pave the way for a fascist-style putsch in the United States.

Justice Douglas applauded the recent passage of the Rifle and Small Arms Control Act, to control the sale of firearms to the public, and recommended that Congress take seriously his Commission's suggestion that federal legislation be enacted to forbid police officers from carrying pistols, except in cases of genuine emergency.

Speaking for the Police Chiefs, Commissioner Patrick McGowan of New York said the findings of the Commission

PIKE CLAIMS DEVIATION NO HOLINESS BAR

Special to The New York Times

SANTA BARBARA, May 29—James A. Pike, former Episcopal Bishop of California, said today that new discoveries which attribute homosexuality to St. Paul should not be made to "reflect discredit either on homosexuals or on saints."

"Sometimes the spiritual torment which homosexuals must undergo in our society makes them better in some ways than some of the rest of us," he said.

Bishop Pike spoke at a meeting of the Higher Ecumenics Guild, which is investigating the authenticity of the latest Dead Sea Scroll discovered in the Judaean desert.

The Scroll is thought by some scholars to contain revelations of further occurrences on the road to Damascus.

The Bishop said that while the theory of sex deviation easily explains Paul's hostility to women it places contemporary homosexuals at a disadvantage in their search for God.

Churches Fight Exemption Loss

MARS HILL, N.C. (AP)—Religious leaders gathered at a nearby retreat said today they will organize an interdenominational fight against the decision on Monday of the U.S. Supreme Court voiding tax exemptions for churches and church-related schools.

The Rev. P. B. Poteat, acting chairman of the U.S. Baptist Synod, said he would invite churchmen and lay personnel of all faiths to contribute to a joint legal defense fund.

He said the decision wheth-

Books of The Times

Driven into the Third World

OLD WORLDS AND NEW: Memoirs of An Anonymous Watcher, by Wendell Phillips Draine. 477 Pages. Howard House, $6.95.

Wendell Phillips Draine's tragedy was one of hundreds that unfolded during the fever-pitch of McCarthyism. Compared with the more spectacular pilloryings—Lattimore, Service, Hiss—Draine's seemed at the time almost commonplace. But it was not, for Draine is no commonplace man.

He was questioned by the Senator from Wisconsin and, quite rightly, he invoked his constitutional rights. As a result, he lost first his security clearance, then his job as Special Undersecretary of State for Far Eastern Development. After a spate of headlines, he seemed to disappear.

No person of genuine ability and brilliance, however, disappears these days. Sometimes it is necessary to become the "anonymous watcher" of Draine's title, to avoid the wolf-pack. And so it is that for the past 16 years, Draine has served quietly and effectively as a consultant to several American foundations which seek more flexible, realistic approaches to the underdeveloped world than the rigid policies of the State Department. He has watched, and worked as well. With the publication of this engaging memoir, it becomes clear just how much the government lost, and the world gained, when Draine was hounded out of Washington.

This is not to suggest that purges and witch-hunts are good things: Draine himself masterfully evokes the climate of fear and intimidation that hung over Washington in the

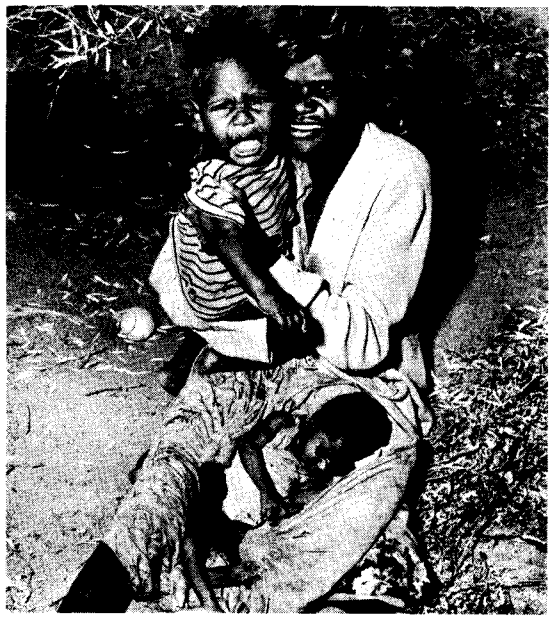
The real meat of his book is to be found in his recollections of the activities of the Thurman, Davison and other American Foundations in the "emerging nations." They have managed to emerge, he demonstrates, in spite of official American policy, which "froze over on V-J day and is obsessed with ghosts," and which "sees a wicked Communist in every rice paddy, behind every strike, up every tree and down every winding, fetid *barrio* alley."

He describes the unhappy fate of the Macarino government in Colombia's Guyaquil Province—from the inside: he served as Macarino's consultant on land reform and fiscal policy. According to Draine, the military regime in Bogotá could never have crushed the democratic separatists without encouragement from the U.S. government and overt aid from the U.S.-owned Consolidated Mining Company, which viewed Guyaquil's independence as a threat to its extensive holdings there.

Likewise—and here is one of the most illuminating episodes in the book—he details the role of the State Department and the CIA in helping Maximilien Bumbugu to set up his puppet state of Mahopaland in northwestern Zambia. Bumbugu was the witting tool of the Rhodesia Selection Trust, Banque de Paris et Pays-Bas and other foreign interests—despite which he received tons of food, arms and ammunition, from the American taxpayer via the CIA, Angola and Verwoerd's South Africa.

Draine is unequivocal in his view of what America's role in the "third world" should be. Regardless of ideological distractions, he says, "we

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY!



—Wide World Photo

White Domination of Australia and New Zealand

MUST END!

HERE ARE THE FACTS:

* Since gaining Dominion status, the governments of Australia and New Zealand have been permitted to exploit these Asian territories unchecked.

* These former colonies have, since the arrival of the first white settlers, followed discriminatory policies whose purpose is the genocidal elimination of the native Aborigine and Maori populations.

* The Australian government rules in colonialist domination over the Territory of Papua and New Guinea, as well as over Christmas Island, Norfolk Island and the so-called "Australian Antarctic Territory." Australia and New Zealand jointly rule the island of Nauru.

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New Park Statue to Honor Muste

The New York Department of Parks announced today that a statue of the late Rev. A. J. Muste, pacifist and humanitarian, will be erected in Central Park.

The monument will stand on the site of the statue of General William Tecumseh Sherman, which was dynamited May 3 by an underground organization calling itself "The Peace Mafia."

City officials had intended to replace the Sherman statue with a duplicate, but a public campaign by several anti-war groups led to the scrapping of that plan.

"A statue to Rev. Muste, a great humanitarian, is more appropriate to the New York of 1967," Parks Commissioner August Heckscher said today.

Mr. Heckscher added that the statue will be sculpted by Roland Zumbrow, the noted New York artist whose compositions of scrap metal and melted glass have gained national attention.

Britain Abolishes Private Schools

LONDON, May 29 (Reuters)—By a 297-186 division, a cheering House of Commons tonight overrode last month's adverse vote in the House of Lords and adopted the Equal Educational Opportunities Act.

This measure completes integration of all British schools, colleges and universities into a uniform nation-wide system under the Ministry of Education.

It is estimated that when Eton, Harrow, Winchester and the other "public" (i.e., private) boarding schools open for the autumn term as standard-curriculum Comprehensive Secondary Schools, they will be able to triple their current student enrollment.

contributions would be solicited on an individual basis would be left up to the parishes to decide.

A message from the White House counseled the churchmen to reconcile themselves to the Supreme Court order.

The Week's Best Sellers

1. *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.95).
2. *Why I Left the Priesthood*, by Liam O'Donohue (Peregrine Press, $5).
3. *The Passover Plot*, by Hugh Schonfield (Bernard Geis, $5.95).
4. *Robert F. Kennedy: A Man for Tomorrow*, by Jack Newfield (Henry Haddon Co., $7.50).
5. *Kerala: India's Hope*, by Harrison Salisbury (Tempo Books, $3.95).
6. *Screw You, Uncle Sambo!* by James Baldwin (Gnome Press, $6).
7. *How to Raise a Peaceful Child*, by Dr. Benjamin Spock (Harmony House, $6.50).
8. *Burning Bright: A Buddhist Way to Peace in Viet-Nam*, by Long Thich Thu and Felix Greene (Transworld Books, $4.95).
9. *America in the World*, by Gunnar Myrdal (New Transitions, $9.95).
10. *More Markings*, by Dag Hammarskjold (Vacuum Books, $6).

BULLETIN

Reprints of this entire special edition are available at the following special prices—*good for this reprint only:*

Single copy . . . . . 25¢
10 copies $2.00
100 copies $10.00

Offer good *only* while supply lasts! Rush your order today to

Dept. EXTRA
National Review
150 East 35 Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

(Please enclose payment with all orders under $10.00. Many thanks.)

puts it, of selling everything my country and I were supposed to stand for to a ragged band of landless peasants and jobless workers whom no one had bothered to acquaint with the so-called realities of international politics or the alleged existence of a monstrous, godless, worldwide conspiracy to destroy civilization."

His discussions of the McCarthy period are regrettably, but perhaps understandably, brief. With great dignity, he refuses even to discuss the charges leveled against him by his self-appointed accusers—charges which are sure to be raked up again by their spiritual heirs.

tual greatness, so that all the world may join in sharing the American promise of freedom and equality." When we recall how little America's "spiritual greatness" did for Draine during the heyday of McCarthy, we must realize that here is the testament of a truly wise and gentle man.

Dorothy Schiff Cheered

Dorothy Schiff, President of the New York Post, was cheered lustily this morning after her breakfast speech on "New Approaches to Civil Liberties" before the New York Police Department Holy Name Society.

"**Magnificent**...Rivals 'The Investigation' and 'The Deputy' as a penetrating exposure of 20th Century inhumanity!"—*Times*

"**Sharpest political satire yet**...outdoes 'MacBird!' in its bawdy brilliance!"—*Post*

"**A real shocker!**"—*News*

ROSS GLUTEN'S New Play

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY HAS UGLY PIMPLES ALL OVER HER ROTTEN WHITE MIDDLE-CLASS POWER-STRUCTURE

Performed by
The Third World Theatre
Directed by
Adam Aronson
★ ★ ★

MERCY COMMUNITY CHURCH PLAYHOUSE

8:30 PM Eves.; Mats. 2 PM Weds., Sat., Sun.
$4.50—$5.50—$7—$9.50

* The vast and largely undeveloped areas of Australia and New Zealand *could* provide food and homes for millions in the rest of Asia, where overpopulation and starvation threaten disaster. The white rulers, however, refuse to show any sense of responsibility for the welfare of their fellow-men.
* Continuation of these discriminatory policies can only lead to a dreadful blood-bath in the South Pacific.

WE DEMAND:

* That the United States immediately withdraw all aid and support from Australia and New Zealand until the cherished American principles of freedom, democracy and equality become realities there.
* That the United Nations revoke the mandate under which Australia and New Zealand have exploited New Guinea and other Pacific islands since World War I.
* That the United Nations take immediate action to ensure full social and political rights for all in these two garrison states, by invoking mandatory economic sanctions if necessary.

AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR A FREE AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

(Following is a partial list of church, campus, community, and civic leaders who have agreed to serve on the Committee. Affiliations listed for identification only.)

M. S. Arnoni, Editor, **Minority of One**
James Aronson, Retired Journalist
Joan Baez, Founder, Institute for the Study of Non-Violence
Eric Bentley, Author
Fr. Daniel Berrigan, S.J.
Kay Boyle, Author
Helen Buttenweiser, Attorney
Rev. William Sloane Coffin, Chaplain, Yale University
Prof. Henry Steele Commager, Amherst College
Dorothy Day, Catholic Worker Movement
Dave Dellinger, Editor, **Liberation**
Wendell Phillips Draine, Davison Foundation
Cyrus Eaton, Industrialist
W. H. Ferry, Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions
Arnold Forster, Anti-Defamation League
Paul Goodman, Author and Social Critic
Michael Harrington, Author
Thomas Hayden, Students for a Democratic Society
Nat Hentoff, Author and Journalist
Brig. Gen. Hugh B. Hester, U.S.A. (Ret.)
Irving Howe, Editor, **Dissent**
Prof. H. Stuart Hughes, Harvard University
Rev. Martin Luther King, SCLC
Corliss Lamont, Author
Prof. Staughton Lynd, Yale University
Floyd B. McKissick, CORE
Carey McWilliams, Editor **The Nation**
Rev. William Howard Melish, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Grace Mora Newman, Housewife
Prof. Conor Cruise O'Brien, New York University
Bishop James A. Pike
Prof. Frederick L. Schuman, Williams College
Prof. Mulford Q. Sibley, University of Minnesota
Upton Sinclair, Author
Benjamin Spock, M.D, SANE
Harold Taylor, Educator
Norman Thomas, Socialist
Willard Uphaus, Chairman, Citizens' Committee for Constitutional Liberties
Robert Vaughn, Television Performer
Shelley Winters, Actress
Prof. Howard Zinn, Boston University

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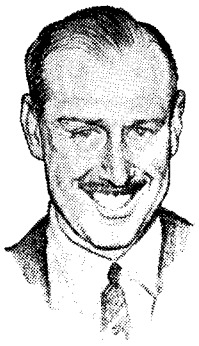
Letter from the Continent

A Greek Tragedy?

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Two questions which must be answered in connection with the *coup d'état* in Greece are: 1) What chance does parliamentarism have in Greece and other parts of the Mediterranean to function organically and constructively? and 2) Was there a real danger of the Communists taking over in Greece? If the answer to the first question is negative and to the second affirmative, we have to ask: 3) Was there any other way out, apart from a royal or military dictatorship?



Kuehnelt-Leddihn

The first two questions are interconnected. It is important to bear in mind that Greece is ideologically divided and this makes parliamentarism a difficult proposition to begin with. After the fall of the moderately right-wing Karamanlis government (of the Radical Union) in 1963, the Center Party emerged with a small majority. The elections of the following year gave it an even wider margin, although under Georges Papandreou it was soon to fall, due in no small measure to mounting irritation in the party itself with Papandreou's leniency toward Communists. The result was a series of middle-of-the-road governments with the tacit support of the National Radicals under Kanellopoulos. Once the last of these minority governments had fallen victim to internecine spite, ambition and intrigues, new elections had to be called although a clear majority for any party seemed out of the question. The situation recalls the parliamentary chaos resulting in the collapse of the French Third and Fourth Republics.

The most enigmatic element in the whole picture was Papandreou's obvious weakness for Communists. He had been their bitterest enemy in the past. The Communists had blamed him for the bloody incidents in December 1944, as well as for the ensuing bitter civil war. The Communists were beaten and their party outlawed, but they soon re-established themselves in the *Eniaina Dimokratiki Aristera* (EDA), the "United Democratic Left," which both cooperated with and blackmailed the Papandreou government. In addition, the extreme left wing of Papandreou's own Center Union (EK) was frankly pro-Communist, giving the EDA a pipeline to the top. (The fact that the EDA could mobilize the street better than any other party was a critical factor in this odd relationship.)

Papandreou's son Andreas, a former U.S. citizen with an American wife, headed the leftist forces and was deeply involved in the anti-royalist, pro-Communist *Aspida* affair. He is imbued with left-wing nationalism. The *Aspida* conspirators got stiff sentences, but Deputy Andreas Papandreou enjoyed parliamentary immunity and could not be brought into court. The younger Papandreou's furiously anti-American (which also means anti-NATO) attitude typifies the Greek Left and traces to the American (and British) intervention that must be credited with saving Greece from Communism at the end of World War II.

EDA Aggravates Discontent

Greek Communism gathers strength from the high rate of illiteracy in a basically agrarian economy. With the top jobs held by a comparatively few shrewd, highly skilled and industrious people, envy is very strong among the masses and not insubstantial among the growing middle class. The agrarian reformers of the EDA know very well how to turn this discontent to their advantage.

Elections have been promised for the near future but they will probably not be for a parliament made up of representatives of the familiar parties. What has happened in Greece is very similar to events in Brazil and Argentina a few years ago—except that the Greek officers did not have to depose a president, they only had to present the monarch with a *fait accompli*. They were bound to him by an oath and he in turn was bound legally by the constitution. It is very doubtful whether King Constantine would, of his own free will, have acted unconstitutionally and this the officers realized. Of course, he could have abdicated, but unquestionably he feels very deeply his obligation toward the country and remembers well the tragic fate of those Mediterranean countries which sacked their monarchies—for dictatorships, civil wars and, finally, anarchy. It is to be hoped that he will not let himself be pushed aside, however "gently," like those among his royal *confrères* in that area who yielded to strongmen.

Altruism or Imperialism?

At the same time, though, he ought to realize, North European that he is, that northern patterns will never work in the South (or East). There exists a genuine imperialism of the Northern-Protestant mind—a desire to extend the blessings of local political patterns to other regions. Its proselytes have gained millions of supporters in the South and East, who naively go along because the North is wealthy. But democratic elections —primarily demonstrations of numerical strength—do not automatically create wealth; in fact, they are often peaceful or even not so peaceful preludes to civil war.

What has happened is not a tragedy for Greece, because purely military dictatorships are not totalitarian. They are admittedly not democratic, but they can be fairly permissive. It will be observed that none of the presently existing military dictatorships is really totalitarian. The old order with its ceaseless ups and downs and recurrent crises had become untenable. Greece has made a step in the right direction—*provided* the army acts with moderation and gradually eases up on the present restrictions in order to inflict no new wounds upon a much scarred, fiery, intelligent and, for the last 2,500 years, deeply divided people.

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Menus for Entertaining

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

Why people tear their hair about what to cook when they have company for dinner is something I find difficult to understand. It would seem to me that in case of doubt, you'd cook something you and your husband like, so that at least somebody will be satisfied with the meal.

However, there are certain considerations in making up a menu. Several of them consist of getting rid of some preconceived ideas, such as the utter nonsense that a home kitchen has to rival a restaurant kitchen. Let them that want a restaurant meal eat it in its proper place; true gourmets will treasure dishes they cannot get in restaurants, even very good ones, such as unusual soups (sorrel, watercress, gazpacho, borsch etc.), marvelous porkchops and home-fried potatoes with homemade applesauce (tart apples only, perhaps with a little fresh horseradish grated into it) or a perfect boiled dinner with corned beef and vegetables, each cooked with proper timing so that they will be tender but firm, rather than mushy.

Another idea to throw to the winds, with a yell, is that a meal should be elaborate or gimmicky or long. The meal can be as simple and short as you like. One main dish with a starch and a salad and fruit and cheese, or soup and dessert, with a choice of good breads and fine butter is excellent if properly planned and well done, with perfect ingredients. It is not at all necessary for a hostess to come up with a new dish every time. Quite the contrary; like a good restaurant, a wise hostess specializes in a few dishes, and if they are really good people will be disappointed not to get them when they go to her house.

The best starting point for a menu is the people who will eat it. Avoid new dishes you are not sure of (it is folly to cook something for guests you've not done over and over again) and avoid any exotic experiments, no matter how enticing on paper. Else you may find yourself with the uneaten remains of an Indian buffet for sixteen. Also, unless you know your guests well, avoid serving fish or seafood as the main course. I once took a poll on this, and the negative results came as a surprise since I thought everybody liked shrimp, lobster or sole.

But if you know your guests' tastes and aspirations, do cater to them. Have paté, chicken or meat cooked with wine and thickened with cream and egg yolks, chocolate mousse or a sweet soufflé for the seekers of sophistication, or what passes for it in the young or ignorant. Nothing will please college people or readers of *Gourmet* Magazine more than what they, in their innocence, think of as gourmet food. Especially when it is washed down with champagne and rounded out with imported liqueurs.

The golden rule of all menus is contrast and variety in color, texture, and flavor. Think of the boredom of a meal that is all white, creamy and bland, or one that is all aggressive reds and browns. To get this contrast business right it is best to settle first on the main dish, and imagine it in its full glory, including the platter on which it will be served and the dishes from which it will be eaten. Then add to it what you think will look and taste good, the way a woman will add the accessories to her dress.

Above all, don't crowd the plates, and keep the garnishes simple. Too much food is unappetizing, and overdone garnishes make one think unhappily of all the busy little fingers that left no inch of food untouched.

Another conception to emancipate oneself from is that it is necessary to serve one or more vegetables with the main dish. The main dish, French fashion, can appear perfectly well by itself if it is handsome. If it is not substantial enough alone, potatoes or noodles or rice or barley, nicely cooked, will suffice and be much less trouble to the cook. All that timing of vegetables, dishing up and what not are what take the starch out of the poor girl. A vegetable is only worth eating when fresh and in season, and then it should be served in the French or Italian way, as a course of its own, or even better, at the beginning of a meal, when it will be properly appreciated. Asparagus, artichokes, new peas, with their proper seasoning and sauce, are an asset to a meal, something the frozen stuff trailing in the wake of the meat can never aspire to be.

Or else have a splendid salad, preferably not one gunked up with fancy dressings, but plainly seasoned with oil and vinegar or lemon, and salt and pepper. As body builders, vegetables are vastly overrated. Salads and fruits can easily take their place with children, who generally loathe vegetables. I still shudder at the murderous thoughts I harbored when I think of the hours I spent with one of my boys (because the books told me to), watching him roll peas from one side of his rosebud mouth to the other. At the time Herod appeared to me a man to admire. With my other boy I gave up and let him eat fruit instead. He grew up to be tall, athletic and extremely healthy, and what do I care if he is not friends with broccoli?

Another false idea is that every single thing must be homecooked. What matters is perfection, and a lot of perfection can be bought in the form of smoked salmon or sturgeon, caviar or turtle soup, *quiche* or *vol-au-vent* from a good bakery, or preserved ginger in syrup (to be served with cream), handsome fruit or superior ice creams or pastries. Hostesses in those havens of good eating, France and Italy, would be considered cheap

(Continued on p. 602)

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FROM THE ACADEMY

A Generation of Illiterates

RUSSELL KIRK

Most readers of this page, presumably, don't remember quite how they learned to read. For my part, I don't know precisely how I learned—except that my mother compelled me to commence reading after I had been obdurate or stupid in school. But of one thing we may be sure: if you and I read competently now, it is because we were reared up in some phonetic discipline; we were spared the illusions of the "look-say" method and its variants.

A Georgia reader of this magazine, Miss Elizabeth Hester, sends me observations of some force on this whole matter. Her experiences give flesh to the present controversy about reading instruction (which dispute must seem more than a little abstract and pedantic to those happy people who have been spared direct personal illiteracy tribulation, or vicarious tribulation through their children). Like you and me, Miss Hester can't say surely what method was employed, decades gone, to make her literate; but, as a clerk in a credit-clearing agency she has discovered how younger folk were mistaught.

Kirk

"There are droves from this group in their twenties in my office," Miss Hester tells me, "and with rare exceptions — among both the fairly bright and the not-so-bright — they all spell in an identical way. It is a most extraordinary way of spelling.

"They know surprisingly well exactly what letters are in what words, but they have no more idea of the phonetic order in which the letters must fall than if there were no connection whatsoever between sounds and letters: 'self' becomes 'slef,' 'human' becomes 'hanum,' etc., ad infinitum. I could understand the reason for such an oddity in a world of deaf mutes, but in a world seething with inescapable transistor radios, TVs, raucous public-address systems, and the prostrate worship of four long-haired young men for the noise they make, seeing is required for believing.

"What really flabbergasts me is how infinitely *more difficult* it must be even to try to read, when one has never been given the slightest hint as to the origin and the simple meaning of the alphabet. That is to say, without having had explanation of the principle of an operation, how can the resulting effort to operate be anything but chaos? Of course the very bright catch on, regardless of the apparent conspiracy of silence: wretched teaching can be surmounted by superior students. But why make the reading-writing-learning process so difficult for the average or the under-endowed?

"As the current system stands, we are teaching English as if it were a system of Chinese characters. As I understand it, Chinese is the language most difficult of all to master, precisely because it must be mastered by rote learning, for no coherent method underlies it. And yet we are told that our students no longer are informed of the simple connection of sound with letters—because we wish them to escape the drudgery of 'learning by rote.'"

Georgia Did It

As this correspondent points out, the basic method of phonics can be apprehended, and retained throughout life, even by those little endowed with intellectual power. She gives an example.

"In my home we employ one day a week a colored woman of about sixty. She had a total of three years of school, and that in a segregated one-room rural Georgia school, more than fifty years ago. As we are away when she is in our house, she frequently writes us notes.

"Her spelling itself is atrocious. But the beauty of it is that always with perfect ease one can read aloud the sounds she has written—and the sounds are perfect words. So here it is: if one reads aloud what the products of modern reading methods write in my office, one is reading gibberish. If one reads aloud what our nearly-illiterate Lizzie writes, one is reading sturdy good sense.

"Thereby the abstraction of 'phonics' takes on a lively look. The Lord knows *I* don't need you to remind me of the mess you are deploring. But maybe the people you are trying to reach might not get really upset over anything less than the fact that in the state of Georgia, in a segregated rural Negro school, fifty years ago, somebody patently was doing a better job of teaching the English language than the general concerted effort of modern United States educators is doing today."

Amen to that. Readers of this page who would like some detailed information about what can be done to restore reading instruction through phonics might do well to acquaint themselves with the publications and the programs of the Reading Reform Foundation (36 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036) and Council for Basic Education (725 Fifteenth Street N.W., Washington, D.C.).

A few people possess so little power of abstraction that they never can learn to read, by any method. But the vast majority of young people—even those "culturally deprived" and apparently stupid — can acquire the skills of reading and writing with comparatively little pain and effort, given a phonetic grounding. Despite the immense expenditures upon public instruction, this nation includes millions of functional illiterates, and still more who are barely and clumsily literate. It isn't that the American population has grown duller with the passage of generations; it's that we have mistaken the ideograph method of instruction ("look-say") for the easy method.

It is no kindness to a child merely to identify "D-O-G" with a picture of a dog. For who can identify "A-N-T-I-D-I-S-E-S-T-A-B-L-I-S-H-M-E-N-T-A-R-I-A-[illegible]-S-M" with a picture of a church militant?

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PUBLISHER'S CHALLENGE *prompted by a new novel that brings the message of 1984 HOME TO AMERICA: If you can put this book down after one chapter we'll rush YOUR MONEY BACK PLUS EXTRA CASH that will more than cover return postage!*

The Journal of David Q. Little

by R. Daniel McMichael A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

A haunting new novel that shows what life will be like in our own country when Western Liberals and the Communist world finally bury the hatchet . . . into the U.S. Constitution!

THE HEARINGS GRINDED ON. The 44 "subjects" sat up there immobile on the dais of the Grand Ballroom, Hotel Royal. Towering over them were the six examiners, including Nicholas Syerov, the Russian representative. The hot TV lights boiled down on the 44.

They were Pittsburgh's leadership: company presidents, a bishop, union heads, an editor, leaders of civic groups. Most of them supported the Treaty of Friendship between Russia and the United States. That, after all, was better than nuclear war – wasn't it?

The Treaty had set up the World Order of Nations (WON). America had pledged to work under the WON for peace, to turn away from its own selfish interests, to cooperate in the great work of building up the undeveloped nations. Under terms of the Treaty, the USA-USSR Joint Peace Commission set up shop in Washington to see that the U.S. fulfilled its Treaty obligations, which of course had first priority, as everyone agreed (except for a few extremists).

To see that Joint Peace Commission directives were carried out on the local level, Joint Committees For Local Action (JCFLA) were set up for every region in the United States. Smith Armstrong was Chairman for Pennsylvania's Southwest District. Icy cool, he presided over the hearings to determine whether the 44 were to be brought up for treason before the WON.

The charges against them were grave. One was accused of preferring the interests of the United States. Another, a company president, was said to have put profits first. Others were denounced for holding that a nation might need limited arms for self-defense, that wages shouldn't be cut, that the WON might not be the final answer to world government. Small wonder the two thousand spectators howled and jeered as each traitor was marched into the witness box.

Last to be called was Avery Brown, board chairman of one of the nation's steel giants. The witnesses marshalled against him were overpowering: two of his own vice-presidents, the Secretary of Commerce, the Governor of Pennsylvania. "Why," David Q. Little almost screamed to himself, "why do they want *me* to testify?"

For David Little was only a steel salesman. A few times he and Mr. Brown had exchanged pleasantries at the water cooler. That was all. Why should pig-eyed Leon Tidings, the mysterious government official who spewed out hatred of all things American, why should Tidings single out David?

No matter. He *had* singled him out. And Smith Armstrong had let David know, in tones that never rose above a murmur yet chilled him with terror, that David was expected to "cooperate."

David had no intention of cooperating. In the six months since the Treaty, he had seen the quality of Pittsburgh life melt like a snowflake in a furnace. Now they were rolling over the leaders of the community. Could one man stand up to them? He desperately wanted to.

David heard Smith Armstrong, seated high above him, ask the question he knew would come, the question he dreaded. "What is your opinion of Mr. Brown's general reaction to the Treaty of Friendship?"

It was the Moment of Truth. Now he was alone in the darkness. Outside, all around him, was Power. He realized that Avery Brown was doomed. He thought about Nancy, the three children, his job, his mortgage.

How did David answer? *How would you answer?*

One Man Against the Total State

David Q. Little is everyman, neither hero nor villain. He finds himself caught up in events so strange he can hardly trust his own eyes and ears. David never liked to be alone. Now, in the madness all around him, he finds comfort in solitude. He begins to keep a journal, discovers himself in its pages – and helps us discover *ourselves*.

This is the story of what may happen to America, the day after tomorrow. Drip, drip, drip erode our freedoms. David Q. Little, Mr. Average American, puts it down as it happens – often hardly realizing the meaning of it all. Because he is the guy next door, David's journal has a vividness, a shock value that will haunt you. For just a few moments, step inside David's world:

EVERYDAY LIFE. The FCC has authority to monitor phone calls "to safeguard the public interest." There is a booming black market in pre-Treaty books and magazines, since the Treaty requires the government to "upgrade" all publishing. Paint peels off buildings, trees die, grass runs to weeds. Medicine is nationalized, with medical care and drugs available only to those with the right government papers.

LAW AND ORDER. Youth gangs roam the streets, raping and looting. David's home is vandalized 14 times but the local police, now disarmed, are powerless. Pittsburgh courts have four judges: from India, England, Poland and Cuba.

INFLATION. David's dollar is worth 16¢. The gold-backed ruble is the world currency. Three Peace Loans from Russia keep our economy going.

THE JOB MARKET. When David loses his job, he finds he can get a new one only through the government. Every job is classified, with *minimum* and *maximum* salaries.

RELIGION. Christmas is no longer a holiday, since the authorities are anxious to guarantee the absolute separation of Church and State. The churches agree, assuring everyone that the law does not affect people of true faith.

HOUSING. The Bureau of Housing now controls all home sales. Private contractors and realtors have been outlawed for serving "the selfish minority." To ensure "absolute equality and free choice," the Bureau sets racial quotas for each neighborhood.

POLITICS. All laws against the Communist Party are rescinded. Its membership swells. Democrats and Republicans merge into the new Coalition Party, but they are no match for the surging Communists. The secret ballot is abolished ("Only the guilty have something to hide!"). The Communists see to it that everyone votes. They poll 98%.

THE FAMILY. David's children are all selected for a free summer at the nearby World Youth Camp, though David and Nancy are not permitted to visit them. The children return lean, tan, older-looking, and bursting with slogans about building the New World. But David fails his Attitude Test (designed to determine a person's real views about his job and politics, and thus to isolate the unstable, the neurotic, the disloyal). David is fired and evicted, and the children are taken to a youth reclamation camp until he can provide "a proper home environment."

Examination Under Risk-Free Guarantee

This novel, with its anguished vision of America under the heel of Communists, spares us nothing. And yet, finally, the picture is inspiring. For David meets up with a handful of brave men and women who want to fight back. How they manage it, against impossible odds, is a hymn of hope that freedom will not die easily in our land.

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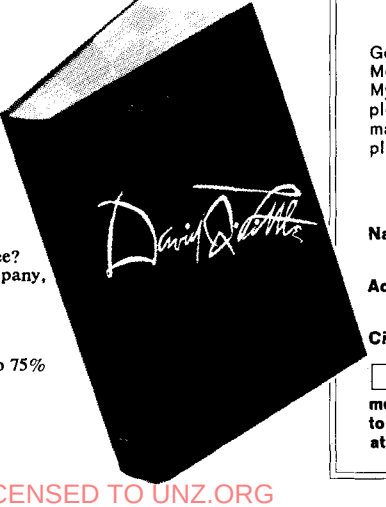

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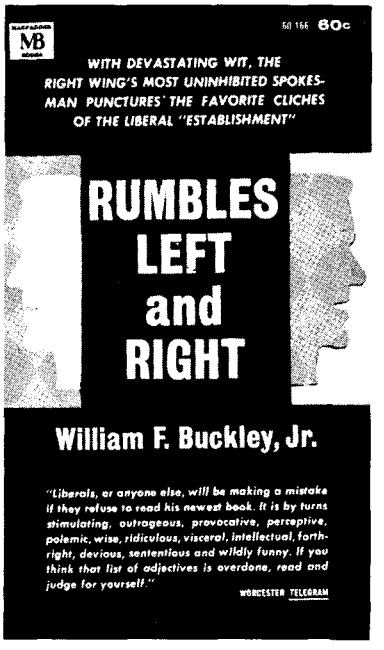
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The Lachrymose Mr. Manchester

GARRY WILLS

Yes. It. Again, and at this late date; we shall be digging our way out for years from this avalanche of detail sluiced tearfully down on us. There is much here worth remembering:

—How the President's stricken buddies of the "Mafia" stood watching the funeral on TV, and lifted a champagne toast to the passing caisson. If Kennedy's spirit haunted his own obsequies, it was surely from this vantage point—which is the real secret of his very real charm.

—How Mrs. Kennedy, who had dealt rather coolly with the Boston pols around her husband, turned tough and angry when he was killed and—on the plane back to Washington—finally joined the Mafia. It was like a second marriage—she shared even more of his life at the moment of his death—and it makes her far more appealing.

—How D.C. marshals were called on to guard Robert Kennedy in the tense aftermath of the assassination—and *all* ninety marshals volunteered. How New York policemen paid their own way to Washington to help out local officers on the hectic day of the funeral. How Secret Service agent Clint Hill kept Mrs. Kennedy from falling off the car, and Rufus Youngblood threw himself over Lyndon Johnson, in the path (as he supposed) of spraying bullets.

***The Death of a President*, by William Manchester. Harper, $10.00**

—How Johnson's first act as a ruler was to obey. Youngblood whispered over him, "When we get to where we're going, you and me are going to move right off and not tie in with the other people." The new President's response was "O.K., partner."

—How Patrick Moynihan took the news of Kennedy's death: "I don't think there's any point in being Irish if you don't know that the world is going to break your heart eventually. I guess we thought we had a little more time. So did he."

—How the Kennedys, who are good at winning but had been hurt where they were most wound-able (in the family), became even better at losing. John F. Kennedy's funeral day was John Jr.'s third birthday—and the Clan gathered that night to give the boy a cake-and-ice cream party.

—How that same John Jr. gave a brisk military salute to his father's coffin.

But these episodes are submerged, here, by a lachrymose inclusiveness that dims their outline. This raises a real doubt about the quality of Mr. Manchester's caring. Everything is soaked in pseudo drama, suggesting that he does not trust the real drama of the central facts to carry their weight. If he understood the tragic nature of his material would he call Oswald's rifle fire "a barbarous obbligato"? Would he stop, in what he takes to be a heart-rending confrontation, to get cute with us this way?—"[Ken O'Donnell] uttered a swart oath recommending monogenesis." Things eloquent in themselves he cheapens with a gaudy parade of his own rhetoric—as when he clucks and coos over the fact that John Jr.'s salute had, for its underpinnings, "his knees dimpled and his blunt red shoes side by side."

He cannot believe that the story is important unless he is, every minute, screaming and gesticulating its importance at us. In his frenetic style everyone "darts" (or, even worse, "dartles") or "pranges" or "lunges." A man does not grow tense—he "gathers his million muscles." And—sure sign of the high school editor aiming at sprightliness—people never say things when they can cry them: though Kennedy, for instance, is at one point standing in his sleepy wife's bedroom, "'Gosh, look at the crowd!' the President cried, peering down." (Almost everyone else swears in this book, but Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy say "Gosh!") Apocalypse is on every page. Capella obligingly rises over Boston on November 22, and shadows are forever being cast in all directions (even some *invisible* shadows): "Warp and woof, the pattern of fate, cast invisible shadows." Mrs. Kennedy is to "give the country a finer final last memory of her husband" in the funeral. Finer than *what* the context does not tell us—*nor does it tell us how a final last* memory differs from a final one or a last one. This is just the kind of dance he shuffles into when he wants to impress us.

Every twitch or stifled cry of those harsh days, all the odd behavior, is collected in a wormy mass. The author tries to get inside every shattered nerve system, to join his voice to every shriek. He is with the Secret Service, using their code (in which Kennedy is "Lancer"). He is inside one circle calling Mrs. Johnson "Bird" (which causes unpleasant echoes when, later on, Lieutenant Samuel Bird is referred to over and over by his last name). Then he is in another circle referring to General Godfrey McHugh as "God." He uses Dallas language—the scornful word "libs"—when he is in Dallas. He has a compulsive insiderism as he traces the pathology of this nationwide grief: "For three days men were to be transparent. Dur-

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ing that week, which they would afterward seal off in the attic of their minds, they were artless, wholesouled and, for once, unashamed of emotional display." Manchester crawls up into those thousand mental attics and violates a thousand privacies, morbidly collecting pain—not Kennedy's pain, not even that of the individuals, but the widespread pain that focuses finally—where? A terrible suspicion grows as one turns the pages.

He has a taste for attics. He ends this book in one, staring at Mrs. Kennedy's blood-caked dress. He ended his first book about Kennedy (*Portrait of a President,* 1962) in another closet, liturgically fingering Kennedy's war uniform. In other ways, too, *Death of a President* cannibalizes *Portrait of a President.* That early book looks harmless enough—gossipy and worshipful. It told us what Scotch the President liked (Ballantine), what cocktail (daiquiris), what cigars and tailors and movies (he saw *Casablanca* four times); what nicknames he was given by his brother ("Johnny"), his wife ("Bunny"), his crewmen ("Shafty"). We were told that Mrs. Kennedy preferred pink and that she was a connoisseur who made Presidents Truman and Eisenhower "look like Hottentots, if not outright clods." Yet Manchester, a journalist who regularly refers to himself (as well as to Kennedy) as "a scholar," thought he must "document" that bundle of fluff by "depositing my files in the Olin Library, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut" (scholars always give complete citations). Now we know what those pretensions signified—but the Kennedys had every reason to think they were merely getting a literate Maude Shaw when they called Manchester in.

The links between *Portrait* and *Death* are now clear. In the former we were told, in various places, that Kennedy's "key is still C major," that he had "the profile of a Lindbergh," that his critics wanted "a leader who will give the world a kick in the old kazzazza." Five years later, in *Death,* we are told that Kennedy's "key had always been C major," and "his Lindbergh profile was still lean," that Dallas was angry because "Kennedy refused to give the world a kick in the old kazzazza." We get the same stories—how young Senator Kennedy charmingly grumbled to a reporter named Bouvier that Senate pages looked older than he did. Here is *Portrait* (p. 95):

> Blaming the President is an American custom almost as old as bundling. He is, after all, the biggest target in the land, and the formation of every Presidential cult is followed by the congealment of an anti-cult. "Remember," Woodrow Wilson warned his daughter when his first Administration was sailing along smoothly, "the pack is always waiting to tear one to pieces." Andrew Jackson was portrayed as an adulterer, Lincoln as a baboon, Harry Truman as a haberdasher. Thomas Jefferson was "Mad Tom," and even Washington was scarred. "I am accused of being the enemy of America, and subject to the influence of a foreign country," he wrote Mad Tom, "and every act of my Administration is tortured, in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to Nero, to a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket."

And there is *Death,* too (p. 46)—the whole passage, word for word, the serpent swallowing its tail.

Manchester closes his circle with finality in the *Look* defense of himself which describes his agony. His. That is the key. He spent years, he tells us, pooled in blood—not Kennedy's but his: "I was gripping my Esterbrook so hard that my thumb began to bleed under the nail. It became infected and had to be lanced three times." If you have any doubt that the lancing in this passage is meant as an appropriation of Lancer's wounds, turn back a little in the *Look* piece to this horrible pun: Manchester describes his emotional reaction to the news of Kennedy's death as "lancinating." Appropriation—Mrs. Kennedy's memories become *his.* He is not inside all the separate circles, using their jargon and nicknames. They are inside his system, they are ganglia in that nationwide nervous web that centers finally in William Manchester, the one *complete* mourner. No Maude Shaw here. The onanistic mournfulness stirs a different memory—the egotistic tearfulness of all those half-read copies of *The Prairie Years* and *The War Years* that clutter up our attics (where, no doubt, Manchester stumbled on them) and library shelves. The final cruel irony, the capping parallel with Lincoln—not only assassinated, but sandburged!

Manchester has grown to like the taste of his own tears—his own lancinations over Lancer, his fulminations over Dallas, his spitting hatred for the haters. Among the latter he includes Jack Ruby (who becomes, in this book's jig-style, "the horn-rimmed humbug"). Manchester tells us that Ruby did not really care about the President (only Manchester *really* cares): the humbug does not deserve to be mentioned along with the hero—which was precisely Ruby's attitude toward Oswald. Indeed, Manchester has more in common with Ruby than he realizes. He writes of Oswald: "Noticing him, and even printing his name in history books, therefore seems obscene. It is an outrage. He is an outrage. We want him Out." So did Ruby.

Perverse Peer

PETER P. WITONSKI

It has become a veritable commonplace to speak of Bertrand Russell's lofty position among twentieth-century intellectuals. In the past those quickest to sing his praises and invoke his genius have often not done him the justice of reading his important and difficult philosophical works, contenting themselves with scanning his more exiguous writings. His greatest work, *Principia Mathematica,* written over a ten-year period with Alfred North Whitehead, is an immense and extremely brilliant treatise on the logic of mathematics, which is both the culmination of the great tradition of British empiricism, and the foundation of modern logical analysis. How many of those ardent advocates of Russell's genius have ever even attempted to read this

***The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell,* 1872-1914. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.95**

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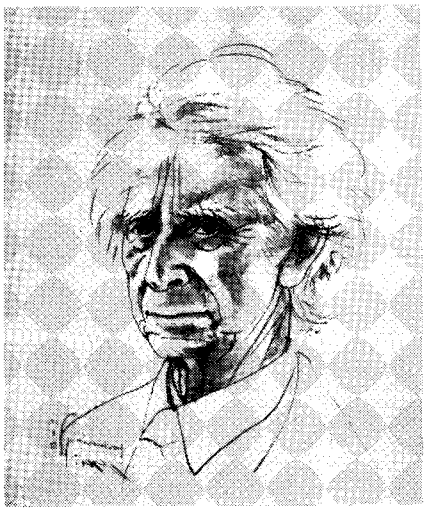
work? (Ludwig Wittgenstein, perhaps the most brilliant of Russell's early pupils—who later rebelled against his teacher's logical atomism—reminds us at the end of his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* that "whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.") How many have ever bothered even to glance at *An Essay on the Foundations of Geometry, The Principles of Mathematics, The Problems of Philosophy, The Philosophy of Logical Atomism, Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy,* or *Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy* (to name only a few of his significant works)? One even wonders if they've ever bothered to read his petulant (and sometimes simplistic) *History of Western Philosophy?*

While Bertrand Russell's reputation as a philosopher is beyond debate, it can be safely said, I think, that his fame rests upon his rather impressive contributions to *belles-lettres.* He is one of the great prose stylists of our century, and his many popular books are written with a purity of expression that would have done the greatest of English writers proud. Among these writings may be found such titles as *Nighmares of Eminent Persons, Why I am not a Christian, Portraits from Memory, Satan in the Suburbs* and *Marriage and Morals.* Whatever these books may sometimes lack in good sense they make up in good prose; and it is upon books such as these that Bertrand Russell's public reputation has come to rest.

And now, *mero motu,* he has published the first volume of his autobiography, a work which is destined to find a comfortable place among his popular books. It was actually written fifteen years ago, in an era when Russell was still a convinced anti-Communist ("Communism must be wiped out . . ." etc.), and is only now being published because its principal characters have all died. It covers a period of forty years, from 1872 to 1914, during which time Bertrand Russell seems to have met all of the great men, from Gladstone, with whom he had a tête-à-tête ("This is very good port they have given me," said Gladstone to young Bertie, "but why have they given it to me in a claret glass?"), to the Italian mathematician and philosopher Giuseppe Peano. He comes across as a man of vivid contrasts: terribly arrogant, and yet so shy he was afraid to ask where the bathroom in Cambridge was; a man of intense humanity and kindness who nevertheless damaged the lives of many innocent people (such as his first wife); a philosopher of great intellect whose life has been devoted to a vast number of petty causes. His limpid prologue gives us a clearer picture of the passions and frustrations that have ruled his life:

> Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair. . . . I have sought love . . . because it brings ecstasy—ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of my life for a few hours of this joy. . . . this is what—at last—I have found. . . . With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine.



> And I have tried to apprehend the pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux. . . . Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upwards toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. . . . I long to alleviate [this] evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

One is almost swayed to find a man of such eloquence and passion writing in the twentieth century; but there is more in this quotation than good writing, there is Bertrand Russell, *the* nineteenth-century Whig aristocrat whose sensibilities have never been able to come to grips with the vulgarity of the twentieth century. This, of course, is Russell's ultimate tragedy, which has carried him, eventually, into the hands of a group of left-wing Yahoos he once would have castigated with great scorn. For while Bertrand Russell is with the Yahoos in 1967, he is not of them; and there was a time when he was against them, e.g., *Practice and Theory of Bolshevism.*

Russell is too complex a man to be categorized. His discovery of Euclid at the age of eleven, for example, is not merely an intellectual awakening, it is a thing of beauty. "This was one of the great events of my life," he declares, "as dazzling as first love. I had not imagined that there was anything so delicious in the world. . . . From that moment until Whitehead and I finished *Principia Mathematica,* when I was thirty-eight, mathematics was my chief source of happiness." During those thirty-eight years, Russell's life was one of great loneliness and despair, and he reacts to this condition sometimes more like a mystic than a mathematician:

> Within five minutes I went through some such reflections as the following: the loneliness of the human soul is unendurable; nothing can penetrate it except the highest intensity of the sort of love that religious teachers have preached; whatever does not spring from this motive is harmful, or at best useless. . . . At the end of those five minutes, I had become a completely different person. For a time, a sort of mystic illumination possessed me. I felt that I knew the inmost thoughts of everybody that I met in the street.

Writing to a friend in 1902, he notes: "Seriously, the unmystical, rationalistic view of life seems to omit all that is most important and most beautiful." And yet Russell's reputation as the supreme rationalist of our age is beyond question. Are we to add mystic too? Even in politics he evades classification: at one time or another he has both praised and attacked imperialism, favored the free-market and socialism, been a pacifist and a warmonger.

Russell's parents, Lord and Lady Amberley, were both devotees of radical and often eccentric political and

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social positions. Lady Amberley's devotion to radicalism might be best exemplified by the fact that she considered Beatrice Webb to be a social butterfly. Because of their untimely deaths, Russell was raised by his Scotch Presbyterian grandmother, who attempted to impress her own virtues upon him. Needless to say, she did not succeed, and Russell's youth was not overwhelmingly happy. It was not until he reached Cambridge that he began to bloom. There, under the watchful eye of Whitehead, he began to emerge from his adolescent shell. Lifelong friendships were formed, and despite the stuffiness of nineteenth-century Cambridge, Russell began to develop as a philosopher and scholar. His descriptions of his Cambridge friends are both witty and profound. Of John Maynard Keynes, for example, he notes: "Keynes's intellect was the sharpest and clearest that I have ever known. When I argued with him, I felt that I took my life in my hands, and I seldom emerged without feeling something of a fool. I was sometimes inclined to feel that so much cleverness must be incompatible with depth, but I do not think this feeling justified."

It was at Cambridge that Russell became engaged to his first wife, an American Quaker named Alys Pearsall Smith. Their marriage was quite happy at first, until one day, while riding his bicycle along a country road, Bertrand decided that he had fallen out of love. This was a very depressing development, since it slowed down his progress on the *Principia*. "Every morning," he informs us, "I would sit down before a blank sheet. Often when evening came it was still empty." There was only one way for the Hon. Bertrand Russell to get out of his intellectual bind; he took on Lady Ottoline Morrell—the wife of his friend Philip Morrell—as his mistress, and dumped poor Alys. It is to Russell's credit that he treats this entire episode with great frankness; but it is difficult to come away from it viewing him as anything but a cad.

In the end, he finished his *Principia*, broke the heart of a young girl from Chicago, and began his lifelong association with left-wing politics. What new facts will emerge in future volumes of Russell's autobiograhy we can only speculate upon. What he has given us to date is honest and eloquent; and, for better or for worse, we have him, up until 1914, moles and all. In his time he has been a great philosopher and writer and, despite the political excesses of his old age, much of what he has said is of value. When Cicero wrote that tediousness was, perhaps, the greatest bane of old age, he pronounced a judgment that might well be applied to Russell; for the ultimate tragedy of Russell's declining years is not so much that he has advocated absurd political concepts (this he has always, or almost always, done), but that he has advanced them tediously. The first volume of his autobiography is not at all tedious, and it deserves to be widely read.

Science Fiction

Anthologies: The Old And The New

THEODORE STURGEON

SF's Stentor, Sam Moskowitz, writes aloud—very. He has his own opinion as to what is "beautiful writing" or "biting satire" and never announces that it is his own opinion. He says P. Shelley ranks far below his wife in influence and popular acceptance, with his poetry sustained only by force-feeding at the universities. He places the advent of sf with Lucian in 175 A.D. while I claim it began when Ezekiel saw that flying saucer. And he says Hugo Gernsback's first magazine was called *Modern Electronics* when actually it was *Modern Electrics*. This last has to be a printer's error, and ends all the carp I can seine from this truly extraodinary book. For this indefatigable researcher has unearthed and arranged for us quite the most complete, the most fascinating, and one of the most generous historical arrays of (any) *genre* fiction that I have ever seen. It has wonderful stories in it—wonderful: one wishes the word had never been used before.

Scoop after scoop, treasure after treasure. Here's an adaptation of the A. Lovell translation (1698) of Cyrano's *Voyage to the Moon*, so often referred to, so seldom seen. Here's the original Hans Pfaall, as Gogolesque a piece of black humor as Poe ever produced, together with Poe's notes on the story and on Richard Adams Locke and his celebrated 'Moon Hoax.' Here is the very first artificial satellite story, incredibly absent from hard covers since the turn of the century, and written by (did you know?) Edward Everett Hale (who, by the way, as chaplain of the world's most exclusive club, was once asked if he ever prayed for that body. "No," he said, "I look at the Senate and pray for the people".) The yarn is *The Brick Moon*, and for all its occasional poppycock, is written with foaming gusto by a man who liked what he was doing, about men (and women) who likewise. And is there anyone around who remembers Frank Reade Jr. and his minstrelly comic cohorts Barney and Pomp? They're here. So is H. G. Wells with a complete rewrite and a new ending, plus some most articulate notes on short stories in general and this one in particular: *The Country of the Blind*.

***Masterpieces of Science Fiction*, ed. Sam Moskowitz. World, $6.50**

***The Playboy Book of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. Playboy Press, $5.95**

***The Year's Best SF* (11th Annual Edition), ed. Judith Merril. Delacorte, $4.95**

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There's a truly unnerving M. P. Shiel, Conan Doyle and E. R. Burroughs in (to these eyes) totally new idioms; A. Merrit with the most A. Merrit-y spooker I have seen since *Seven Footprints to Satan;* a very right-wing (I think) bit by Karel and Josef Capek; Lovecraft's real classic, *The Color Out of Space;* a fine thick slice of Stapledon; a splendid example of the phenomenal Weinbaum, who wrote modern-magazine sf years ahead of its time, produced for only fifteen months and inexcusably died in his thirties; and more, lots more than I have space for. Special mention, however, *kudos* and thanks to Moskowitz for his long scholarly introduction and, with this volume, for the completion of a matched set of four. *Explorers of the Infinite* and *Seekers of Tomorrow* cover the history of sf; *Modern Masterpieces of Science Fiction* and the present book are samplers of the authors discussed. Wonderful!

PLAYBOY Magazine may take credit (and, in the introduction to this anthology, its unspecified editors do) for giving sf writers (a) wider recognition and (b) money, in full measure. It may not and should not lay claim to instituting, or injecting, or inspiring, or permitting sex into sf with its 1954 advent. This was done in one powerful stroke by one man with one story in the Summer 1951 issue of *Startling Stories*: Philip Jose Farmer's beautiful *The Lovers. Playboy* cannot prove its point by quoting that fat-headed remark of Kingsley Amis', either, in that book he wrote about sf, for which he qualified by writing a bestseller in quite another field; it's analogous to Miss America's opinion on existentialism and the Thailand bases. Amis could not have said what he said about sex in sf if he had read Leiber, Heinlein, Merrill, Miller, Springer, Bixby, Bester, or others; in short, if he had read enough sf to have earned a publishable opinion. But bless it anyway; the recognition *is* good; the money is marvelous.

The book is good too. Like Judith Merril (see below), *Playboy* sets no hard and fast parameters as to what is or is not fantasy or sf, who may

Random Notes

● BOOKS: According to advance publicity, *Ramparts* has by no means shot its wad of CIA dirt—McGraw-Hill's *The CIA File,* by that magazine's editors, promises new and juicier goodies. Publication set for this summer. . . . Hammond, expanding beyond the atlas field, will issue *Audubon's Animals,* originally published in 1848 as *Quadrupeds of North America.* 150 big color plates (Fall, $19.95). . . . Seems there's a little, little-known kingdom high in the mountains between Tibet and Nepal, called Mustang. Michel Peissel has been there; tells all in *Mustang: The Forbidden Kingdom* (Dutton, $8.95).

In the 200 years between 1450 and 1650, men thronged to the New World in search of a mythical golden city. Walker Chapman's *The Golden Dream: Seekers of Eldorado* examines the phenomenon (Bobbs-Merrill, $10). . . . Ernle Bradford, the seafarer-author who traced the route taken by Ulysses in the *Odyssey,* has written a lively history of the Fourth Crusade and the sack of Constantinople (1204), *The Sundered Cross* (Prentice-Hall, $6.95). . . . Newest from Leonard Cottrell,

wisest of the popularizers of archaeology, is *Lady of the Two Lands,* about five queens of ancient Egypt (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.50); Breasted's monumental *History of Egypt* is back in print, in paperback (Bantam Matrix Editions, $1.65). . . . Also in paperback, Eric Hoffer's *The Ordeal of Change* (Perennial Library, May, 60 cents).

● RUMBLINGS: A sampling of Bobby Kennedy's speeches, *New Problems, New Proposals,* was to be published by Harper this spring, according to splashy ads in the trade press last winter. But since the great flap over William Manchester's *Death of a President,* published by Harper, Bobby's book has vanished and nobody's talking. . . . Ted Mark, the pseudonymous author of *The Man from ORGY* and ten other very funny, very racy paperback novels, has defected from Lancer Books to Berkley Books, for whom his first effort will be *The Square Root of Sex.* . . . *Fact* Magazine, raker of predictable and rather tame muck, may go under now that editor Ralph Ginzburg is bound for jail on obscenity charges. . . . W. A. Swanberg (*Citizen Hearst*) has handed Scribners the manuscript of his biography of Joseph Pulitzer; is under contract to do a book about the late Henry Luce.

● PROJECTS: Lenny Bruce's mother and Douglas International Corp. plan a spate of movies, records and TV specials based on tapes and films left in the comedian's will. Everything, says Mama, will be in "good taste." . . . Alexander Cohen has an option to do a musical based on Cornelia Otis Skinner's *Madame Sarah.* . . . Phyllis Diller has finished *Did You Hear the One About the Traveling Saleslady* (Universal); this summer she co-stars with Bob Hope in *The Private Navy of Sergeant O'Farrell,* a World War II comedy set in the South Pacific. . . . Ingmar Bergman may do a war flick. About Vietnam. . . . Johnny Weismuller, now 64, has been asked to play Tarzan's father in the TV series.

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or may not produce it. Culled from a decade of some of the most skilfully chosen fiction anywhere, these 32 stories are all well above the median for excellence, and run a fine gamut from wildly comic fantasy like Bruce Jay Friedman's *A Foot in the Door* through literate whimsies like Bernard Wolfe's *The Never Ending Penny* to strange, timeless and powerful tales like J. G. Ballard's *Souvenir*. I like, too, the admixture of sf's 'in" names, like Bradbury, Pohl, Beaumont, Sheckley, and so on, with writers better known in other fields, like Hugh Nissenson, who covered the Eichmann trial for *Commentary* (his offering is a fine job, by the way), Ken Purdy, and Leland Webb.

No Judith Merril anthology is to be missed. In certain solid ways she is absolutely reliable. You may always be sure that she will serve up splendid work by people you know, or should: the Fritz Leibers, the Arthur Clarkes, the Asimovs. Almost without exception (I really can't think of one at this writing) she will include in each volume at least one perfectly lovely job by someone you never heard of—in this case a good example is *Susan,* by Alistair Bevan. You may always be certain that the contents of her books will be drawn from a truly flabbergasting variety of source—pulps, slicks, and the likes of *Oneota Review, Colorado Quarterly,* the *New Yorker,* English sf magazines, and Alfred Jarry, father of "pataphysics" (circa 1910).

Above all, you may always look forward to her rubrics—literate, contentious, provocative, informative, and (*mirabile dictu!*) more of each of these each year. She never ceases to grow. You will, I'm afraid, have to buy two this time. You won't want to part with your own, and you can hardly resist giving it to the next person you hear say "I don't read science fiction" just to prove to him that he does—for you'll be giving him Ciardi and Buchwald and poetry (George MacBeth and Peter Redgrove) and Roald Dahl—and then to hear him say 'How long has this been going on?" Then you tell him about Ezekiel and the flying saucer.

The First Time Out

M. STANTON EVANS

November 1964 generated a natural but misleading sense of conservative despair. In the pale glow of that sulphurous Tuesday, all Barry Goldwater had said and done from 1960 forward was bathed in retrospective gloom. The trick of lighting causes us to forget that the Goldwater candidacy—the mere fact of his nomination—marked an enduring victory for conservatism.

F. Clifton White's essay on the Goldwater movement is a reminder of the miracle wrought on the road to San Francisco. White shows that the Goldwater triumph in the Cow Palace was nothing less than a revolution in American politics, an upheaval so rich in implication that the old formulae could neither contain its energies nor measure its resources. And, in so doing, he offers a prospectus for conservative campaigns to come.

Suite 3505: The Story of The Draft Goldwater Movement, by F. Clifton White, with William J. Gill. Arlington House, $6.95

White was the guiding genius of the "Draft Goldwater" committee founded in Chicago in October 1961, a volunteer group which succeeded beyond its own expectations in translating conservative sentiment into a powerful political force. Associated with this effort for the better part of three years, White knows more directly than anyone else the pain and valor that made Goldwater's convention victory possible. He has put it all down in full and absorbing detail, providing a valuable history of the nomination battle from start to finish.

In the course of his narrative, White divulges such arcana as the crucial role played by National Review's William Rusher; the intimate connection between the Goldwater effort and the perennial power-struggle in the Young Republicans; the low point of the draft campaign when Goldwater's hostility to the idea showed through most clearly. Also discussed are the wintry anguish of New Hampshire, the death struggle in California, Goldwater's relations with press and TV, the "Southern strategy," the nuclear and social security time-bombs, the feckless performance of Scranton and Romney.

Most valuable of all is White's discussion of his own political technique, a modest but complete account of the brilliant strategy by which the Goldwater delegates were assembled. The White method concentrated on the essentials and let the ephemera go by. It depended upon the realization that most convention delegates are chosen, not in the glamorous primary contests, but in precinct, county, and state conventions and caucuses which seldom get much national publicity. White made it his business to have Goldwater strength consistently in evidence at these unnoticed gatherings. While the liberal media were anointing Scranton and rejoicing in Lodge, White was methodically rounding up delegates in Georgia and Oklahoma, Tennessee and Illinois, Montana and Missouri. By the time of the California primary,

the liberals were proclaiming Goldwater's assertedly dismal showing in the primaries (which was not the case, but that is another question), and White's volunteers had secured enough delegates to win the nomination.

Although White's own expertise was a principal ingredient in this

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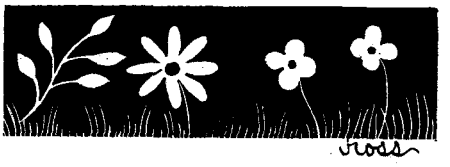
tour de force, he is the first to admit that nothing would have moved without the locomotive power of conservative ideas. The spread of the new conservatism between 1960 and 1964 created Goldwater support in all fifty states, provided the workers, and gave the delegates the fortitude to hang on in the darkest moments of adversity. William Manchester straightforwardly tells us that President Kennedy looked forward with gleeful anticipation to a race against that hopeless patsy, Goldwater. White has the chapter and verse to prove it wasn't so. On the contrary, he remarks, political surveys in the fall of '63 showed that Goldwater, and only Goldwater, could have beaten Kennedy. Thus *Time* (10/4/63) stated: "Kennedy could easily beat any other GOP candidate. But against Barry Goldwater, he can only be rated even . . . If Texas went for Goldwater, Barry would have 266 [electoral votes] with an excellent chance for picking up more than the necessary additional four among the Kennedy-hating unpledged electors of Alabama and Mississippi."

Further reflecting Goldwater's appeal were a May '63 Gallup survey which showed him ahead of Rockefeller, 40 per cent to 29 per cent; an October '63 poll of Republican state chairmen showing no less than 71 per cent of the respondents for Barry; a spot-check of Republican officials in Eastern Pennsylvania in which Goldwater was favored by four to one over Rockefeller, twelve to one over Scranton; an AP survey of Republican state and county leaders, released in early November 1963, which found Goldwater topping Rockefeller as the party's "strongest candidate" by the astonishing margin of 1,194 to 56. By the autumn of '63, in sum, Goldwater was a long leg up toward the nomination and stood an excellent chance of defeating Kennedy in a clear-cut battle of conservative *v.* liberal.

THEN CAME the assassination, and everything was transformed. The liberal President was replaced by a man of uncertain ideology; the Democratic cause and all its works were sanctified beyond criticism; the assassination became the pretext for frenzied assault on all American conservatives. John Kennedy had been murdered by a Marxist, and the



Goldwater movement went smash. It was a twist of fate which would have done credit to the doleful genius of Thomas Hardy. Only the rare skill and devotion of the Goldwater team made it possible for the enterprise to survive this hammer blow at all.

Even these difficulties, moreover, were not the whole of the story. The Goldwater camp was to be hopelessly split between the original "draft" people and the so-called "Arizona Mafia," which included Goldwater's personal staff appointees under Denison Kitchel and the group of intellectuals assembled by William Baroody. Much of White's narrative is devoted to this problem and the hazards it posed to the successful conduct of the campaign. Had the White politicos and the Baroody intellectuals been able to pull in unison rather than at cross purposes, the election might have been a good deal closer, although it is doubtful that even the most smoothly functioning campaign team could have converted the rout to victory.

Political history suggests that, when something new is being tried, you have to lose one before you can win one. The first time out tells you what you can do and what you can't. Just possibly the full combination of skills and opportunities that made the final prize elusive in '64 will reassert itself one year or five years hence. If so, White's book suggests, a conservative Republican may yet arrive at the portals of the White House.

Spring (and Books) in Paris

THOMAS MOLNAR

OUTSIDE the United Nations building, the most depressing place for conservatives is Maspero's bookshop in Paris, near the Seine, in the Quartier Latin. At night it is jampacked with local people and tourists who avidly browse the world's highest concentration of leftist literature. Leaving the place, I always expect the revolution to take over before I reach the corner.

Yet two of this season's greatest literary successes would be anathema at Maspero's, and even the third, while displayed in the window, does not quite belong there. Characteristically, none of them is a novel simply because not even the rather servile Goncourt Jury can find one today representing a real breakthrough. The novels that get written are pale, boring and artificial, and it is typical of the prevailing distorted taste that the Marxist critic Philippe Sollers should wonder why Sade is accepted as the author of pathological documents, but not as a novelist. His answer is that only a healthier society (meaning a classless one freed of neuroses) would look at the perverse Marquis as a writer of emancipated prose.

The biggest success is Jacques Maritain's *Le Paysan de la Garonne,* which has created panic among progressives on both sides of the ocean. Up to this, his eightieth year, Maritain was the Saint Peter of a democratic and progressive heaven where Catholics would join people of other faiths in celebrating the Pluralistic Society. His own passport to this ideal place was stamped with denunciations of Charles Maurras and General Franco, and with friendly pronouncements about such institutions as the UN and UNESCO. Maritain's reputation began to decline some ten years ago when he firmly rejected Hegel and his progeny, and it reached a point dangerously close to nadir when Teilhard's star began to rise on the horizon. The democratic heaven was decidedly a less exciting place than the classless noösphere . . .

WITH THE NEW BOOK Maritain's sun has set. Not his intellectual vigor, though, which speaks for a mind younger than is collectively possessed by the howling wolf pack now pursuing him. The reason for the howling is (1) that Maritain calls the Church's feverish *clercs, "moutons de Panurge"* and ridicules their sudden infatuation with sex, Freud and Sartre,

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and (2) that Pope Paul has been his long-time admirer and even translator. Less than two years ago he asked Maritain to the Vatican where—*horribile dictu*—the white-haired philosopher may have told his exalted friend of his small regard, now put down in print, for miniprophet Teilhard. And other things as well. . .

At any rate, the book proved to be a bombshell in Paris. (Prudently, the prospective U.S. publisher, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, pleading the difficulties of translation (?), has postponed the date of American publication until 1968. By then a certain religious order hopes that the *éclat* will have subsided and the book's importance have been brushed aside by specially recruited reviewers.) Maritain's friends are "pained," so wrote *L'Express,* that the philosopher now repudiates his earlier views of integrating Catholics with the world. Maritain, of course, never advocated nor repudiated *such* views; as he writes, a generation ago he goaded the Catholic bourgeois Establishment to open more widely their hearts and minds; similarly the new Establishment (are you listening, John Leo?), that of the "so-called intellectuals," must now be called back to reason from their foolish excesses.

THE OTHER big success, not among reviewers but among readers, is François Brigneau's *Mon après-guerre* (my postwar years). Brigneau is not a politician writing memoirs. He belongs to the old and weather-beaten race of Parisian journalists who, determined to prove that 200 years after Diderot a man can still make a living by writing, accepts harrowing jobs that an American journalism graduate would compare to abject slavery. In the last twenty years Brigneau, like other men I count among my friends, has translated novels and encyclopedias, rewritten reminiscences of lazy politicians and the editorials of lazier editors, reported from the Congo, written novels in argot, and reviewed for *Stars and Stripes* films he had had no time to see. In between he fought political battles, had his teeth knocked out in street brawls, got married, and held four or five jobs at a time to keep his growing number of children in diapers.

Brigneau, the typical Parisian journalist (typical of the honest ones), has now published the delightful, amusing and courageous record of *his* view of this bigger and better world. Reading his racy prose, where slang and wisdom gracefully mix, one understands why the father of modern journalism had to be a Frenchman (Théophile de Viau, almost burned at the stake in the 1620s). Brigneau shows the seamy side of the wartime Resistance in contrast to the official myth. We learn that from the loud-mouth Marxist, Claude Roy, to the cold-fish Couve de Murville, lots of postwar "resistentialists" had been officials and henchmen of Vichy. The difference between them and the victims of their *épuration* (now magisterially documented in a huge volume by Robert Aron) is that they were agile enough to change bandwagons in time. One of them, postwar Minister of Justice, boasted that he had sent ten times as many people to the gallows as did Robespierre under the Terror.

One reads his book as one reads a revisionist historian. Events remain the same but the perspective changes: long-suspected reputations show their truer side, men maligned as a matter of course become suddenly if not praiseworthy, at least human. Yet, Brigneau has no intention of rehabilitating the political prisoners of Fresnes, himself included. Simply, the book lets speak, not as pleading but with personal warmth, a man who lived from the age of 26 to 48 (1944-1966) as his conscience dictated. Brigneau has no claim to write history, and the one life he documents is his own. Yet through his book we manage to discard the obsessively liberal interpretation of the world, the unreal threads out of which our images and concepts, even our vocabulary, are spun.

AND STILL, these threads are tenacious. How the best minds can be hopelessly caught up in their web is demonstrated by the very leftist Jean-Marie Domenach—on himself. I predict that of the three books mentioned here, his *Le Retour du tragique* will appear soonest in the United States, even before Maritain's great testament. Domenach is the editor of *Esprit,* perhaps the most important single source of Catholic leftism in the world, whose super-sophistication puts *Commonweal* to shame. Some years ago (this was in the Khrushchev days) Domenach told me that in spite of Budapest, etc., the world's hope is embodied in "socialist Russia." Now he has written a book in which he repudiates the political systems spawned from last century's Marxist and scientific *hubris.* He recognizes that the "tragic" element in man's existence cannot be suppressed, because both the Stalinist terror and the affluent society reject man.

This is no new theme; it was treated in Camus' *The Rebel.* But Domenach goes beyond the two dead-end streets of modern man's hope, and searches contemporary theater for new expressions, new accents of the rediscovered tragic. This would be Domenach's opportunity to shed his leftism which, as Maritain now says, is a "preference for non-being." Domenach could find in the lucid nobility of the Greek tragic figures the model for what he is seeking. Their predicament was at least enhanced by the rationality and firmness of their attitude, and even by their beautiful and compact language. These elements mitigate their tragedy and help the spectator purge himself of their passion. He becomes a better man because he accepts and works for a more attainable happiness than that of the gods. Instead, Domenach chooses to find tragedy in the theater of Ionesco and Beckett where puny, insect-like hominoids whimper their senseless complaints to an empty

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space. This is certainly not tragedy; on the other hand, boredom prevents us from finding it farcical. When we leave the theater, we feel silly and insignificant, but also a new Stalin or Hitler might feel justified in crushing us like the insects we were shown to be.

Another literary success is Mao's red book, excellent to wear with yellow miniskirts in the cafes of Saint-Germain-des-Près. Its success will predictably wane when André Malraux publishes his promised *Anti-mémoires*. But aren't Mao and Malraux kind of friends?

Movies

Anatomy of Tepidity

HUGH KENNER

YES, *A Countess from Hong Kong* is every bit as tepid as they say it is. How on earth was that accomplished? For, computerizing the odds against anything less than an *n*th-power sockeroo, one thinks of tepidity against such odds as very nearly a creative achievement, like an underdone egg extracted from the maw of Vesuvius.

Consider: co-stars, Sophia Loren and Marlon Brando; writer, director, scorer, Charles Chaplin; moreover, a prodigality of Chaplin family talent, with Sydney in a lengthy supporting role and two of the girls fetching in bit parts; for resources, color and CinemaScope; for environments, Hong Kong, Hawaii, the broad blue heaving Odyssean seas and a millionaire's shipboard suite: add it up: a producer's dream.

And for a producer's nightmare, what about Charlie Chaplin opening the door on these expensive assets and clutching hand to mouth in nausea? Which is what Charlie does.

Alas, Charlie's nausea isn't a response to the picture, it's part of the plot. Nor is it even amusing to pretend he's responding to the picture, the response is so excessive. The audience whose two hours I shared, in a house three-quarters full, wasn't hostile, just mildly amused, very mildly, from time to time; and when it wasn't being amused it had Sophia to look at, whence its patience.

SO HOW DID CHARLIE—this is the most discussed bad picture of the decade—how did Charlie get trapped inside this turkey? ("As funny as anything I've ever tried to make," he told a *Life* interviewer. He worked for two years on the script. It's "a piece of realism with true characterizations." It's funny "because every scene is played with absolute sincerity.") . . . Every scene is played as if by stuffed ducks. How? Why?

The short answer seems to be that Chaplin was never a moviemaker. He was a remarkable performer, whose performance the camera, so long as some flunky kept cranking it, automatically recorded. It stood there and gawked, it did not comment. The tim-

ing and rhythm of movement, as his performance took its course, he governed by an instinct generally sure and always accessible to scrutiny.

In *The Great Dictator* a robotic inventor steps backward out the window, saluting rigidly, to demonstrate his compact Flying Belt, of which the military and hence the statal significance needs no emphasizing. In response, Charlie/Hitler (1) complies with the idiot rituals of Power, which exact of the Leader a show of polite interest; (2) after a precisely calculated instant cranes further toward the window, the rituals of Power having suddenly given place to an entomologist's kind of interest in the fact that the departed scientist's trajectory is not horizontal, as advertized, but vertical, and moreover downward; (3) withdraws and turns to his Goering-figure with a "Why do you waste my time with things like this?"

In the few seconds' screen time of this beautifully contrived detail, Chaplin passed through exactly three clearly defined *personae*: a ritualized power-dummy in phase 1, a petulant power-dummy in phase 3, with in between, unexpectedly, someone other than the Dictator, someone almost human, the vestigial man beneath the Dictator, lost in his moment's fascination with the sight of a body falling toward the pavement. It was deliberate art, so deliberate that when the scene was recalled to his memory a quarter-century later he reflected that it would have been even better if he hadn't spoken the key line an instant too soon.

If he hadn't, that is, cut phase 2 a trifle short. Similarly, of the famous scene in *Potemkin* where stone lions spring to life, Eisenstein noted that the effect depended on the length of the middle shot, and cut film accordingly. When Chaplin was performing, a decision of that kind was a performer's decision, not an editor's; if he judged that he had mistimed he reperformed the scene, until (usually) he got it right.

AS GOLDEN SECTIONS within rectangles measure the painter's homage to optical fluency, as syntactic structures artfully varied in scale govern the writer's version of pulsating thought, so all dramatic art sets a mechanical principle against a vital. Chaplin/Dictator, Chaplin/Verdoux, these were humanoid mechanisms rampant in worlds where nerves quiver and tissues are sensitive. (We first met Verdoux in his rose garden.) Chaplin/Tramp, by a simple transposition, was fluency itself, the tender grace of effortless ballet, in the presence of mechanisms actual (*Modern Times*) or mechanisms quasi-human, absurd cranked-up bullies and heroines whose pliable pathos approximated that of a rag doll. Either way, Chaplin's style, pitted against the surrounding style, made a conflict for the cameras to watch. →

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The cinematic art, however, does not usually depend on counterpointed styles of performance. It depends on a normal world, normally enacted, homogenous, against which the mechanical principle is supplied by the camera. The camera frames our attention, measures and cuts off glimpses, imposes perspectives which, move about the auditorium as we will, we cannot alter; and against the abuse of its resources, a switched-on empty virtuosity, we should measure, as in Antonioni's masterful *Blow-Up,* its indispensable use as the very grammar and syntax of the medium.

And a grammar and syntax Chaplin never had occasion to learn. He performed; the camera watched him. Let others perform, let the camera watch them, and let us have no intrusive nonsense of angles, cutaways, dolly shots. Remembering certain films of the Sixties one can sympathize with his exasperation; yet it is the exasperation of a man who cries, I have here a real story of real people; let me tell it sincerely, it is an amusing story, and to hell with your participles and appositives.

A COUNTESS is simply bad storytelling. From the opening shots, when a sailor on leave in Hong Kong heads into a dive where a sign has promised dancing with a Countess, then exchanges with the ticket-taker dialogue intended to establish that he has come in because he saw a sign that said he might dance with a Countess, and is that so, and she concedes that yes, it is so, here one may dance with a Countess: from those opening minutes it is one long prolix fumble, like a freshman theme.

It seems conceived, fitfully, for the stage; the principal business consists of people dashing in and out of doors. They are *real* people, because 1) when they go to the bathroom they make noises which decency bids them mask by turning up the radio, and 2) when the ocean heaves they all get seasick, and hunt round for *ad hoc* vomitoria.

The plot is Chaplin's tried myth, the girl-waif befriended; but no longer the tramp and the flower girl, they are Miss Loren and Mr. Brando, the latter presumably Chaplin's fantasy of himself as affluent man of the world, still true to form, still succoring, at first reluctantly, the likes of Sophia.

And Chaplin, rehandling yet once more what gave him in the past his great opportunities, Chaplin supposing that his early secret was no more than a lighthearted glimpse at human truth, Chaplin, sentimentalist to the last, opposes to his sentiment no syntactic mechanism, no mechanism whatever, and discloses that he hasn't the ghost of an insight into his own decades of triumph. If there'd only been something antihuman in sight, since the camera declined that role: say, *A Countess and King Kong.*

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

13/13 VIETNAM: SEARCH AND DESTROY, by Gordon Baxter (World, $6.95). A few years from now, somebody will write a great big "definitive" history of the Vietnam war. In it, the search and destroy mission at the village of Tha Binh on the thirteenth of February, in which the 1st Marines suffered thirteen casualties, might not even get a footnote. Nevertheless, Gordon Baxter has used this mission to make a microcosmic study of a complex war. *13/13* is subtitled "A Photographic Essay," but it is much more than just an album of war photographs. The pictures are far more telling than, say, the electronic impersonality of TV newsreels. They show cruelty and kindness, destruction and civic action; in short, they mirror the reality of Vietnam. The text is not merely casual commentary; it enriches without dominating the photographs, which *are* the book. When Baxter does editorialize, he does so with a minimum of preaching; his conclusions are the consequences of his pictorial evidence. *13/13* conveys the necessity of this war better than any State Department press release and also depicts its sufferings more forcefully than the glutinous ululations of Fulbright and Morse. In disappointing contrast to the compelling text, Chet Huntley's introduction is surprisingly uninspired and bland. J. D. KIRWAN

THE SCHOOLCHILDREN: GROWING UP IN THE SLUMS, by Mary Frances Greene and Orletta Ryan (Pantheon, $4.95). Here at last is a book which takes us straight into the slums and the slum schools, bypassing sociological preachment, statistical voodoo and lachrymose sentimentalizing. The authors have been there, as teachers; they tell it the way it is, and it isn't pretty. Their report should discomfit just about everyone who offers fast solutions, the back-to-the-three-Rs types as much as the howlers for more federal aid, because it makes clear that the Negro and Puerto Rican slums of New York are not the warmhearted, old-fashioned slums in which Sam Levenson, et al., grew up. The new

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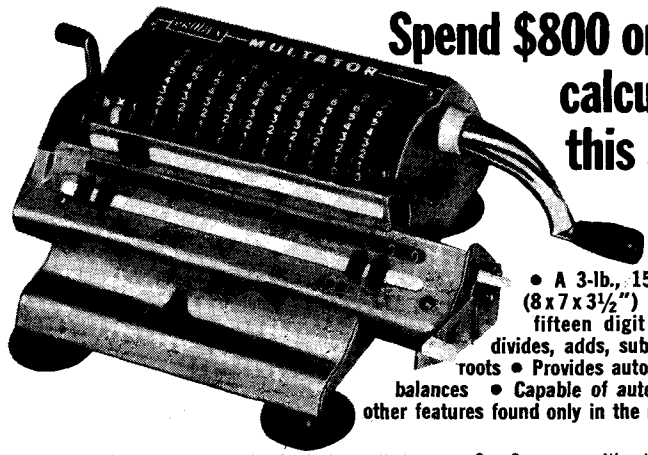
poor, the welfare poor, are something else entirely; their children, seen through the eyes of two teachers, are a heartbreaking sight—perhaps principally because they have so little time to *be* children. For those of them who at the advanced age of nine or ten still can hope, school is the last hope—and, as the authors demonstrate, little or no hope at all, because The Problem lies not only inside the schools, with their chaos, their jellyfish executives and incompetent teachers, but outside, in the filthy streets and fragmented families. It is summed up by a little girl: "When God birthed you, you were sweet and dear. But before he can turn around, he sees a bum has growed up. Even he doesn't know how it happened. But I guess it just happens around here." No solutions, fast or otherwise; just crisp, kaleidoscopic reportage against a backdrop of doom. C. H. SIMONDS

PRIVILEGED PERSONS: *Four Seventeenth Century Portraits*, by Hester W. Chapman (Reynal, $6.00). The four portraits are of Louis XIII, the Electress Sophia, Hortense Mancini, and Thomas Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury. That of Louis is interesting but unexceptional—he is one of those kings, like Charles XI of Sweden or George II of England, about whom (for all their good qualities) it is difficult to become excited. That of Sophia, so far as I am concerned, is the *pièce de résistance*: the facts of her highly varied career are in themselves sufficiently fascinating to overcome the occasional infelicities of the author's style, and, in any case, where else is one to find a brief account of her career? The piece on Hortense Mancini is interesting to me chiefly when it is about Charles de St. Evremond, and is otherwise slightly anticlimactic. And the sketch of Lord Ailesbury—in whom I find some resemblance to St. Evremond—is, though immensely sympathetic, brought in apparently for the sake of his brief relationship to Charles II rather than for his own character in adversity. But that is perhaps a quibble. All four portraits are, in general, deftly executed; the characters are essentially sympathetic; and the book is good reading.

J. C. LOBDELL



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To the Editor

(Continued from p. 550)

an absolute prohibition against seeking edification by the study of men we admire (especially men who continually addressed the public). There is no absolute black or white here—one must balance conflicting claims. My objection to W. H. Lewis' collection is precisely that he took an absolute position—imposing a near total blackout on personal matters. If we are not to be interested in the man, why publish his letters? "Jack" himself, by releasing his diary pseudonymously while he lived, admitted that knowledge of his own agony might help others—though he preserved certain safeguards. A balanced editor would have seen that the death of Lewis himself and of all the intimates in his drama—his father, his surrogate mother, his wife—supplied new safeguards, warranting further revelations.

2) "Himself" is precisely what Lewis did not express in his books—the diary and *Letters to Malcolm* excepted. On this point, at least, Mr. Flinn is right. (Have at her, Sir.)

3) I, too, am struck by that jacket-writer's daring way with a phrase; but continue to enjoy the adventures nonetheless. On this point *you* are right. (Have at him, Madam.) Referee-ingly,

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HAZELTON

(Continued from p. 587)

by their guests if they did not buy their patés or *galantines* or antipasti or desserts from the best shops in town.

What does also matter, and greatly, is the freshness of all of the foods, and this includes the bread, butter and cream, the pepper and mustard and so on.

Finally, if a hostess and her family can bear it, it is a good idea to have two dinner parties in a row. The house is clean and so is the silver, the flowers are bought and there is always a good deal of leftovers in the shape of cheese, fruit and other foods. It is much simpler to cook the same meal twice, and cheaper as well. After all, the meals do not have to equal the wedding luncheon of the daughter of President Grant, held in the White House on May 21, 1874 with this menu: Soft-Shelled Crabs on Toast, Chicken Croquettes with Green Peas, Lamb Cutlets with Tartar Sauce, Aspic of Beef Tongue, Woodcock and Snipe on Toast, Salad with Mayonnaise, Strawberries with Cream, Orange Baskets Garnished with Strawberries, Charlotte Russe, Nesselrode Pudding, Blancmange, Ice Cream Garnished with Preserved Fruits, Water Ices, Wedding Cake, Small Fancy Cakes, Roman Punch, Chocolate and Coffee.

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MERLIS

(Continued from p. 573)

they would not have jobs with the *World Journal Tribune.*

However, when the strike had ended and the Guild had won, ad salesmen were pooled and only the senior men taken. Worse still, the various specialty subdivisions within the advertising department were eliminated, and so the paper wound up with several church page advertising solicitors and few, if any, camera advertising solicitors. And most of these men were unwilling or unable to be retrained in new specialties. Advertising sales were not good. It would have taken good aggressive salesmanship to get advertisers to pay the *WJT*'s high rates for an as yet unestablished venture. But with unmotivated selling, the paper never had a chance.

A few of the quality stores, recognizing the paper's excellent women's page fashion experts, advertised fairly heavily. But the large volume stores could not be sold.

One source close to retail marketing in the city said some executives felt that the paper really was unconvinced of its place because its advertising sales staff was not aggressive. The salesmen, the executives reportedly said, took no for an answer too easily.

The paper's camera columnist reported that he once asked a large importer why he wasn't advertising, and the importer answered, "No one's ever called me. I don't even know what your rates are."

The paper may have been unpopular with advertisers, but it wasn't unpopular with readers. After the announcement of its folding, the city desk was flooded with calls from distressed readers who, in eight short months, had begun to think of the *WJT* as a friend.

The paper evoked a response before it folded, too. When the *WJT* reported that a hundred-year-old woman faced eviction from her home for failure to pay $2,000 in back taxes, readers responded with close to $10,000 in cash, checks and pledges. When the *WJT* ran a series on Consolidated Edison, the tone of hearings then under way radically changed, and the company was strenuously challenged to prove its case for a rate increase.

The *WJT* was full of features—perhaps there were too many of them. There were two pages of comics and all the usual advice columns. It may be that readers are more sophisticated today and don't want that sort of fluff in their papers. But 700,000 New Yorkers didn't object strenuously enough to stop reading the paper. It was one of the few papers in the country to run a wide cross-section of political views, from the solemn liberal Walter Lippmann to the witty conservative William F. Buckley Jr. and back again from the solemn conservative Henry J. Taylor to the witty liberal Art Buchwald.

The post mortems have overlooked the paper's financial difficulties and have tended to blame its demise on a lack of editorial quality. Papers rarely die because readers desert them, they die because advertisers and/or increased productivity don't meet the spiraling costs. Without relief, the spiral continues until the enterprise dies, no matter how good or dismal the editorial content is.

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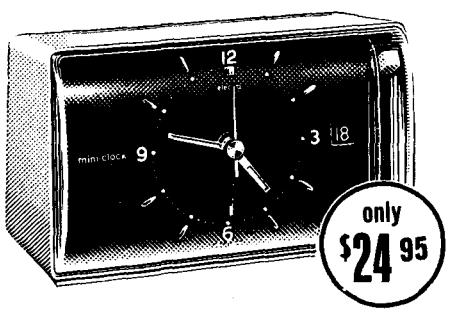

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. If Bobby has to be president, this country would be about his size	22 108 4 25 150 30 51 44 125
B. Appropriate costume for drunkards	19 171 86 136 105 197
C. Same definition as for A.	32 11 74 97 17 152 58 63 140 144 147 161 206
D. The American plan	54 210 173 142 31 75 109 120 166
E. To cause to grow or expand something short of the required amount	62 3 207 106 70 223 9 126 139 164 76 178
F. Any fishlike vertebrate	84 186 146 53 176 7 98 153 64
G. Workshop immortalized by Longfellow	100 130 213 110 189 187
H. Places depopulated for various reasons (before urban renewal came along)	124 111 61 193 47 87 121 68 77 236
I. "I am the state" (pardon my French)	162 127 45 33 237 211 180 83 219 55 112 230
J. A hard, heavy, metallic element having the greatest density of the known elements	165 73 170 46 198 217
K. Swinish	8 69 27 113 192 181 88
L. One of the Gigantes	26 194 234 114 226 90 34 131 15
M. What an engineer swears by	29 232 199 82 35 115 12
N. The church founded by Frumentius	43 188 221 116 36 200 182 93 85
O. Same definition as for A	52 137 37 143 231 174
P. The external aspect or appearance	56 122 201 38 169 78 117
Q. An American lizard capable of changing the color of the skin	151 39 24 227 14 94 177 209 99
R. Hollywood actor whose favorite actress was Helen Twelvetrees	179 40 132 101 202 28 141 190 233
S. Unscramble I DATED IV	205 183 6 102 133 235 154 212
T. Warm fellowship	214 203 92 184 103 66 149 128 216 5 118 191
U. What you would have if the constable called on your cook	1 155 16 208 50 228 129 41 238 10 21 220 135
V. Unaffected	67 18 195 156 20 240
W. Where many do-gooders and visionaries live	172 196 13 49 60 185 89 57 91 123 163 218 225 107
X. The coypu	204 80 65 239 157 59
Y. Unscramble THE TEES	222 42 145 134 81 167 158
Z. City in Minnesota	72 104 95 215 175 168
a. Where Antioch College is located	96 2 48 71 119 160 148 138 229 224 23 79 159

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of ***Webster's New International Dictionary****, Second Edition.*

			1 U	2 a	3 E	4 A	5 T	6 S	7 F		8 K	9 E	10 U	11 C	12 M	13 W	14 Q
15 L		16 U	17 C	18 V	19 B		20 V	21 U	22 A		23 a	24 Q	25 A	26 L		27 K	28 R
29 M		30 A	31 D	32 C	33 I	34 L	35 M	36 N	37 O	38 P	39 Q	40 R	41 U	42 Y		43 N	44 A
45 I	46 J	47 H	48 a	49 W		50 U	51 A	52 O		53 F	54 D		55 I	56 P	57 W	58 C	
59 X	60 W	61 H	62 E	63 C	64 F		65 X	66 T	67 V		68 H	69 K	70 E	71 a	72 Z		73 J
74 C	75 D	76 E	77 H	78 P	79 a	80 X	81 Y	82 M	83 I	84 F	85 N	86 B		87 H	88 K	89 W	
90 L	91 W	92 T	93 N	94 O	95 Z	96 a		97 C	98 F	99 Q	100G	101R	102S	103T	104Z	105B	106E
107W		108A	109D	110G	111H	112I	113K	114L	115M	116N	117P	118T		119a	120D		121H
122P	123W		124H	125A	126E	127I	128T	129U	130G	131L	132R	133S		134Y	135U		136B
137O	138a	139E	140C		141R	142D	143O	144C		145Y	146F	147C	148a	149T		150A	151O
152C	153F	154S	155U	156V	157X	158Y	159a		160a	161C	162I	163W		164E	165J	166D	167Y
	168Z	169P	170J		171B	172W	173D	174O		175Z	176F	177Q		178E	179F	180I	181K
182N	183S	184T	185W	186F	187G		188N	189G	190R	191T		192K	193H		194L	195V	196W
197B	198J	199M	200N	201P	202R	203T	204X		205S	206C	207E		208U	209O	210D	211I	212S
213G	214T		215Z	216T	217J	218W	219I	220U	221N	222Y	223E		224a	225W		226L	227O
228U	229a	230I	231O	232M	233R		234L	235S	236H	237I	238U	239X	240V				

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Republican doves putting tremendous pressure on **George Romney** to move him back in their direction. Romney's problem: if he does so he'll lose support of powerful **Eisenhower-Rockefeller** segment of Eastern Establishment. . . . **Floyd McKissick** telling Negroes to judge Romney on his attitude toward civil rights, not on his religion (Mormons won't accept Negroes in priesthood). . . . Watch for this: new name for "moderate" Republicans will be "middleroad candidates," according to Republicans for Progress, latest **Charles Taft** operation. . . . After four months in office, **Ronald Reagan** has scored higher in California Poll than **Pat Brown** ever did. Reagan's rating ("think he's doing a good job") is 38 per cent, Brown's highest was 28 per cent. . . . **John Lodge,** one of **Nixon**'s most prominent backers, would never have started his Committee to End Aid to the Soviet Enemy (CEASE) if Nixon hadn't approved it.

■ Two-hour live tape of "Support Our Boys in Vietnam" parade has been flown to Vietnam for showing over Armed Forces network. TV time (over **WPIX**) was paid for by three maritime unions. . . . Success of parade could be what finally battered down House Judiciary Committee Chairman **Emanuel Celler**'s attempts to bottle up Rep. **Richard Roudebush**'s bill making it a federal offense to desecrate an American flag. . . . **HUAC** has unanimously approved a bill to provide stiff jail sentences for anyone actively aiding Vietcong or North Vietnam. . . . **ACLU,** true to itself in its fashion, is against bans on flag-burning *and* bans on cross-burnings—both, says Civil Liberties Union, are infringement of First Amendment. . . . Yes, said a poverty program official, hastily, to query by Sen. **John Stennis,** we have suspended poverty-employee **Otis Sumrall** for refusing to be inducted; no, said **Sargent Shriver** a day later, we've done no such thing—he hasn't been convicted yet. . . . Reason **Mrs. Wm. Randolph Hearst** quit West Coast poverty program was that she discovered Black Panther who recently stormed into California legislature waving pistol was on poverty payroll.

■ Catholic Dominican publication *Maintenant* invited **Bertrand Russell** to hold his peace games in Montreal when it looked as if Tribunal would not be allowed to hold its jape in Sweden. . . . **Czechs in Canada** writing their families that Canadian government has signed secret agreement with Prague that it won't grant asylum to Czech visitors to **Expo 67** who might want to defect, according to well-informed Free Czechoslovak Press. Emigré organization also reports that Slovak mountain hut and restaurant at Expo 67 was built by political prisoners in notorious Leopoldov camp.

■ Coming up: after three years, State Department has now scheduled (sometime this month) hearings on **Otto Otepka** case. Otepka, a security officer, was suspended for giving information to a Senate Internal Security subcommittee investigating New Frontier security clearances in State. . . . On June 5, trial of **Cassius Clay,** which makes Attorney General **Ramsey Clark** man of his word. Clark said Clay case would not be allowed to drag on and on in the courts. . . . Back and happy to be: former Brooklyn Dodger **Sandy Amoros** (hero of 1955 World Series), from Cuba. Amoros, who went to Havana to visit his family in 1962, was held five years and everything he owned confiscated. His crime: he refused to manage Cuba's national baseball team. . . . Pulitzer Prize-winner (biography) **Justin Kaplan** (*Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*) has turned over his $500 prize check to American Friends Committee in protest against Vietnam.

■ Turn of the Screw: **British government** has lifted passports of two Rhodesian businessmen traveling in Germany, giving them in exchange temporary passport good for just one trip—home. . . . Some **Rhodesian tobacco farmers** now growing zinnias, petunias, other flowers under contract with Dutch seed firms. . . . **Jewish population of Aden,** 7,500 two years ago, now down to 150 and many of those getting ready to pull out before British withdrawal.

■ Vatican Rag (going the rounds of those ecumenical Catholic circles): "Wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine."

Franklin, *Daily Mirror*, London — Ben Roth Agency

"Better watch it! Haven't you heard?"

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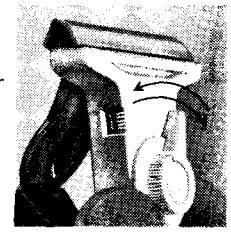

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